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### TWO LOVES.

There was a maid two lovers' hearts had stole—
A not uncommon case.
One loved her for her sweet, pure heart and soul,
One for her handsome face.

The first adored her as the nuns adore
Madonna and the Child;
Albeit, long while her flouting frowns he bore,
Content if she but smiled.

She loved the second as a man above
All other men, perforce,
He only loved her as a man may love
His deerhound or his horse.

Death's angel came and bore her soul away,
Beyond dark Lethe's tide;
The second wept above her grave a day,
The other till he died.

## THE Mystery of Glenorris

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHORESS OF "NORA'S LOVE-TEST," "OLD MYDDLETON'S MONEY," "FOR HER DEAR SAKE," "DOROTHY'S VENTURE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"WHAT matter?" said Agatha presently, in a clear half whisper. "What matter, Jess? All don't grow old, all don't suffer from mortal sickness, all don't lose the love once given them, or their money, or their faith and hope; but—all must die! You know that, Jess? You remember all I've said?"

"Yes, yes, dear," Jessie answered, in untold grief.

"What's that?"

It was but the plaintive note of a sea-bird breaking the wide silence, and Jessie's arm tightened lovingly and timidly round her sister's waist, the girl feeling how unlike Agatha it was to be easily alarmed.

So in deepest, saddest fear the younger sister led the elder one into the solitary empty house, and watched her in anxious silence, as, with all her wonderful devotion she had never watched before.

* * * * * *

"Has not Mr. Norman returned?" asked Mrs Pardy of her attendant, weary of longing for the joy of her son's presence.

The maid would go and inquire, she said, although she knew quite well that the master had been at home an hour, and her mind had been much exercised over the unusual circumstance of his not visiting his mother at once.

"I could not settle for the night without seeing you, Norman," Mrs. Pardy said, with her slow glad smile to welcome him. "You were late in returning, dear."

"Yes," he answered briefly; for how could he tell her he had been at home avoiding her? What could she understand of that new shrinking from her loving eyes, that new pain in the thought of how she loved him?

"Mother," he said, in a sudden broken way, "I wish it were not so solitary for you here."

"I never feel it solitary," she answered patiently, "knowing you hold me in your thoughts. How could I feel solitary when I know that, wherever you are, you love me?"

"Heaven knows I do!" he answered very low, his gaze upon the frail white hand that held his own, not lifted yet to meet the wistful loving eyes that searched his face.

"This loneliness of sickness is my Father's will," with her dreamy invalid smile, "and I am grateful for it; it is my thinking-time, you know. You must not pity me, my dear; as if it were a different solitude. Suppose I were shunned and left alone? That would be terrible, would it not?"

"Yes," answered Norman as heavily as if his lowered eyes could see beyond the walls of that silent room.

Then he read to her—as he did every night when he was at home—and kissed and left her, hating himself that he could not frankly meet and answer his mother's tender yearning gaze.

* * * * * *

The words which Gervys Lester had uttered at the Moat haunted Joy Glenorris all that evening, even through the laughter and gay converse in which she bore her part. But later, when her guests had left, and she alone was awake and restless in the great silent house, she uttered them aloud, as if by doing so she defied them any longer to trouble her in their vagueness.

"They do not mean," she said, pacing slowly to and fro in her room, dark save for the moonlight pouring through the one window she had had unshuttered, "that there are mysteries—unexplained—between those two—only that he does not wish her—as he said—to suspect me—me, whom he knows to be so worthless! No; they mean only that."

Her nervous excitement wore her out at last. Ceasing her slow walk, she went up to the window, and, standing with folded hands against the pane, looked out thinking how still and pale and quiet the earth lay, like a dead face kissed softly by the summer moon.

Scarcely had she had an instant for that thought, when she was aware of steps below her window, and two figures passed into the park straight from the great front entrance of Merlswood. She had heard no sound in the house, and no opening of the door; but then perhaps she would not have caught them through her restless tread. Now, at any rate, they were unmistakable, as the two figures, distinctly marked in the moonlight, went away together—one a woman's slight form, darkly clad, save for a white handkerchief knotted loosely at her throat; the other a man's, straight and strong, with the soldier-step she knew so well. But either figure Joy Glenorris would have recognized easily had the light been only half as clear and fair as it was.

She stood spell-bound to gaze, both hands upon her heart, her eyes darkened by trouble as they followed Gervys Lester and Agatha Porch walking side by side, in a slow even way that oddly puzzled her by its unnaturalness. She could see a real solicitude in his manner as he turned constantly to look into his companion's face, yet his companion never turned to him, and there was no sign that they spoke to each other. Perhaps it was this odd consciousness of an uncomprehended silence, within the greater silence of the sleeping world, that made Joy turn away in such bewilderment, drawing one hand across her eyes and telling herself that it was nothing but a dream.

Yet a shiver ran through all her frame, as if she knew how near her crept the stealthy step of murder.

* * * * * *

The next morning dawned as lovely a one as the heart of a bride could desire; and when the wedding-party passed under an arch of white roses into the beautiful white church built by Mr. Glenorris—instead of the restoration of Merlswood—it was indeed what Mrs. Calmady had merrily predicted, a "beautiful spectacle."

Joy Glenorris had tried to excuse herself from being at the church; but it was so very apparent that the bride and her sisters would have missed her regretfully that she gave up her own whim and joined Mrs. Nelson's party for the whole day, trying to lose all thought of her own perplexities in the happiness and excitement around her. But now and then, in spite of all her efforts, memory brought back the words she had overheard the day before and the figures she had seen together in the moonlight. So it was little wonder that those who watched her saw a distant look now and then come into her eyes, though generally she was alert and self-forgetting; and Lawrence was quite right when he frankly declared to his mother that, "though Leo looked A 1 as a bride, and the bridesmaids were as jolly a bevy as need be, Miss Glenorris, for all her quiet dress, was the great attraction."

"Yet I never should have imagined," said Mrs. Calmady, "that any one could look so lovely in that quiet bonnet."

Sir Hussay Vickery, who had almost immediately followed Miss Glenorris from town, had boldly requested an invitation to the wedding, much to Mrs. Nelson's amusement, for she would have hesitated long before supposing the Baronet would care to accept it. As the motive of his return was so distinctly apparent, his hostess naturally told him off with Miss Glenorris for the breakfast; but even his placid persistent devotion—for Hussay had determined now to accept his refusal simply as that first step which is proverbially difficult to mount—could not make the girl quite what her young friends at the Knoll had been accustomed to see her. Fortunately to only a few was Joy Glenorris the central figure in the pretty scene, and so her quiet replies to Sir Hussay, and her indifferent reception of his compliments, passed unobserved by many.

She had been led to her seat at the breakfast-table before the seat on her right was occupied, and presently her eyes fell by force of habit on the guest-card, and she read Gervys Lester's name. The rustle of a dress was drawing near at that moment, and she turned back to Sir Hussay with an accession of graciousness which, being sudden, rather confused the practical little Baronet.

"Yes, you were quite right, Sir Hussay," she said; "it is a very jolly night—I dare say you use the word 'jolly' because Milton does—to witness a wedding like this, where all the bride's and bridegroom's friends cluster round them—as you say they should—to bid them God-speed."

As she spoke with a rather absurd impressiveness, she accorded a slight but dignified bow to Mr. Lester, who had arrived at the Knoll only after their return from church, and in whose vicinity she had not previously found herself. Then—her face losing its unnatural expression—she smiled across him at the lady he had brought in, one of the numerous cousins of the Nelsons, who seemed as joyous and genial as the girls at the Knoll.

Through the meal she spoke to Mr. Lester only when he pointedly addressed her, and then it was with such a comical dignity that he made no effort to conceal his smile of amusement. But a wedding breakfast is fortunately not like a dinner, and one's next-door neighbor is not one's exclusive property; as usual, the conversation took a capricious vagrant character, swerving and deviating, and presently the conventional speeches enforced on the listeners a silence which, to one at least, was really welcome. To Sir Hussay, as long as Miss Glenorris was his companion, it signified but little whether she was calm or contradictory, debonair or affable, courteous or nonchalant: through her silence or her sauciness he was placidly content.

The speeches were ended to the bride's most evident relief. Her snowy lace and satin were changed for one of the prettiest costumes ever bride departed in, though it was only a cool French pompadour of no especial hue, yet of a dozen soft bright tints and its trimming only an abundance of creamy lace. The farewells were uttered—the real farewell between mother and daughter had been given late on the previous night—and the carriage rolled amid a shower of rice and shoes, out into the Torquay road, bearing Leo and her husband on their way to Cumberland. Bravely holding back all sign of tears, her mother and sisters governed their thoughts, and, with genuine hospitality, gaily speeded the guests who were leaving to return in the evening for the dance, before devoting themselves to secure the enjoyment of those who stayed to prevent the almost inevitable melancholy of the afternoon hours of a wedding-day. A few of the guests began to flirt and stroll, waiting hopefully, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up. A few men eagerly offered to row the ladies; Sir Hussay proposed to send for his drag and drive the whole party to the Ashburton woods; Lawrence's three fellow-officers, who had come from Plymouth to the wedding turned to tennis as flowers to the sun, and sued for partners. Mrs. Nelson only looked quietly amused, for she knew she had prepared for every one who chose to accept it a better method of filling those appalling hours between the bride's departure and the dance. One of her cousins, a big jovial sunburnt fellow with the tiniest of wives, had come in his yacht which he had at anchor in the bay, and, as the breeze favored him, he was going to invite all the party for a little cruise, promising to bring them back in time to dress for the eight-o'clock dance, and to give them a respectable cup of tea while on board.

With one exception—for Gervys Lester pleaded business he could not neglect, and so was unwillingly allowed to absent himself until evening—this invitation was universally accepted. There would be fresh air and motion without the trouble of driving or the fatigue of walking; utter indolence without the disgrace of lounging at home; glorious opportunities of flirtation without being tied to one object, and a genial pleasant host. No wonder the acceptance was general.

The respectable cup of tea proved to be an unceremonious summer dinner, for Captain Nelson laughingly asked them if they supposed he had intended to have nothing between the wedding-breakfast and the ball supper; then followed a delicious cup of coffee to accompany the idle chat on deck. In the beauty of the summer afternoon all went as merry as that marriage-bell which echoed round them joyously when they landed, and reminded them of the two who were traveling northward to the lakes.

"Joy," whispered Theresa, appropriating Miss Glenorris for a few minutes, as they mounted from the beach by the little paved path which was wide enough only for two to walk together, "I feel as if I must positively kiss you, even in defiance of manners, for your beautiful behavior on board in a trying position. I don't know the sensation myself, my dear, of every man wanting my sole attention; but I can quite imagine the difficulty you've had in pretending all the afternoon that nobody wanted yours; that you weren't in more request than anybody else; in ignoring all those frantic strivings for your favor, and fruitlessly trying to keep yourself in the background. Joy, dear, why do you do this so humbly and unselfishly when Mr. Lester isn't present, and never when he is? How terribly you must dislike him to make you so different!"

They had returned only just in time to dress for the early dance, and went at once to their rooms, laughing over Mrs. Nelson's regret that they had not allowed themselves time for a rest first. When Joy found that a separate room had been assigned to her—that, much as rooms were needed, no one had dreamed of not giving Miss Glenorris one, though needing it only to change her

dress—her eyes filled with unwonted tears. Even this trifling encroachment on her senior's rights was such a lonely penalty of her position. It was a ridiculous pain, as she told herself, while she sturdily refused to occupy the room so many others needed. Rachel quickly made the change, and Miss Glenorris, to the delight of the girls, joined the family collection in the long room—the nursery of old times—which Leo and Theresa had shared for many years.

The girls were all fully aware that Rachel's service was called into requisition less for Miss Glenorris than for any of them, for Rachel, knowing her mistress so well and loving her truly, though she was but a maid, carried out to the letter her unspoken wish that she should be helpful to the others.

"What did it matter?" as one of the girls said afterwards, recalling Miss Glenorris's graceful ignoring of her own right to the service. "With such beautiful hair, who could mind how it was dressed? With those lovely eyes to look into, who would notice what jewels or what flowers she wore?"

"Oh, Joy," cried Theresa, when Rachel was allowed at last to complete her mistress's toilette, "what an exquisite dress! Why, when Rachel showed it me, I said it was quiet! I was a duffer!"

"Isn't it a quiet dress?" asked Joy, glancing in real alarm from Theresa's face to her maid's.

"Your dresses don't look quite the same on as off, madam," observed Rachel, in her quiet respectful way, as she arranged the soft rich folds of primrose silk—Joy strangely avoided to-day the white she was so fond of—trimmed only with a delicate gold embroidery; and Miss Nelson fully comprehended the brief explanation.

"What a—moonlight dress!" said Isa, with a little gasp in the girlish rapture which had no taint of jealousy.

"I wish I had had my body made with no puffs and frills," remarked Mrs. Calmady, glancing at the easy perfect fit of the bodice Rachel was lacing with gold cord, so little open to show the round white neck.

"I'm sorry we had sashes to these dresses, Lot," observed Eliza, pausing in her task of pulling out the loops of her sister's to glance at the perfect fall of Joy's soft rich skirts.

"Oh, I'm partial to sashes!" declared Theresa merrily; and Joy, well content to turn the conversation from her own appearance, sent Rachel to arrange Theresa's bows, while she sat down on Leo's bed and leaned her beautiful bare arms upon the footboard, chatting carelessly until she found they were all ready. Then she started up.

"You all go on," cried Theresa, as Joy took the lovely yellow roses from Rachel; "we will follow in a minute. No roses in your hair, Joy?"

"Flowers make it look such an ugly color," explained the girl.

"Oh, Joy," cried Miss Nelson, impulsively kissing the ruffled little under-locks on one white temple, "it is—— But you are right. Put in the flowers. Wear them as you always do—nothing could be better. But, Joy, why do you never wear your jewels? Mother says they are magnificent; and it is so odd to see you always without a single one—even a ring. Do you dislike them?"

"Rings? Yes," she said; and Theresa marvelled over the sudden change in the clear gray eyes, wondering whether there could be any pain for Joy in the mention of a ring.

"I do so hope you will enjoy yourself to-night, Joy," she said. "You always seem to; but somehow—though I don't know how it is—your enjoyment lately never gets beyond seeing others enjoy themselves. Perhaps I think this through your never talking of what you have felt yourself, but always of my pleasures, or Anne Kienon's, or—anybody's."

"Anne will look so nice to-night, Terry," said Joy, calmly ignoring all that went before. "She will be in soft black Spanish lace with poppies, and—you will see."

"How you have changed Anne in every way! Why, she is as pert now as a London sparrow—almost," Theresa added honestly, with a laugh. "But you do not tell me whether you are expecting to enjoy yourself to-night. There will be no one new, I fear. You have danced often enough with every one who can ask you to-night—even my cousins we met in town."

"I have never yet," said Joy, with ease, "danced with Mr. Lester."

"But that," began Theresa, then changed her tone mischievously—"He is only your tenant, of course; but he knows how to dance. Isn't Sir Hussay Vickery a perfect dancer, for all his podginess? But don't give him too many, Joy. Remember, you have yet to meet that 'wealthy millionaire' nurse says you ought to marry. A poor—or pretty well off—millionaire is evidently beneath the consideration of a Glenorris. I suppose, my dear, the reason you never show any pride in your descent is because the Kienons show so much, and and are only little off-shoots. By-the-way, I wonhow Mrs. Kate will treat Doctor Calmady to-night. Did I tell you of their dance at a ball in Torquay after you went to town? He overheard her saying—quite aloud, and actually to an acquaintance of his own wife's—that his dancing was in atrocious taste, so he pursued her with his vengeance. Every dance he entreated her to give him, so pleadingly and persistently haunting her with his request that, for all her contemptuous serenity, she was obliged at last to give way in mere self-preservation. You know their relative sizes; but you do not, I hope, know how Edwin can fly when he chooses, small as he is—or perhaps because he is so small. Well, he never flew as he flew then. Round round he took her, faster and faster, never pausing, and deaf to her breathless suggestions, till I should think she was ready to scream to him. I don't excuse him at all, though he is my brother-in-law—indeed we were all wroth with him; but she needn't be so coldly indifferent to people's feelings. He says he is sure that as long as she lives she will remember having danced with him. And even mother could not be quite grave when he quoted—

" 'She puffed like a paragraph praising a pill.'

How I do prate away to you! Well, here we are. No one has arrived yet, so we are all right!"

## CHAPTER XII.

"OH, how dreadfully tired you do look, dear!" cried Mrs. Fears-Kienon, her eyes sweeping superficially over Joy's beautiful pale face, when she found her standing against the open window of the old schoolroom, to which the girl had made her quiet way in a pause between the dances. "Some one really ought to tell Sir Hussay Vickery—mamma can do it—that his very marked attentions to you are displeasing. I've always myself felt it so annoying to be hemmed in, as it were, by one man's devotion."

"Don't you think," said Joy, with real laughter in the eyes that had been so thoughtful a minute before, "that it is very nice to have the devotion of a man so rich—and pleasant, though that, of course, is a secondary consideration?"

"So interesting too," added Kate serenely—"the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

"Why is the other side never so interesting?" asked Joy absurdly, as she watched her cousin's fingers tracing the pattern of her terry brocade. "The only mother of her son, and he was a bachelor."

"Go and enjoy yourself, my darling," exclaimed Mrs. Kienon, coming up to her daughter at that moment, her magnificent breast-plate of fine steel embroidery glittering in the moonlight. "If your cousin is perverse, she need not spoil your pleasure too. You should be more discreet, Joy, my dear," she added, turning to the younger girl, "for I saw how you escaped from Sir Hussay. He will soon weary of that sort of thing, and it will be no longer open to you to be mistress of Coombe Castle."

"Coombe Castle has a mistress," said Joy with simple dignity, and moved away through the window, escaping once again, while half a dozen pairs of eyes were seeking her among the guests.

"Mrs. Fears-Kienon," said Hussay Vickery, meeting her a few minutes afterwards, "do you know where Miss Glenorris is?"

"At this moment, no," smiled Kate, "though now and again all the evening I have caught sight of her dancing with a charming air of considering the whole entertainment got up for her especial edification. I fancy she is in the garden—perhaps pining in secret over the non-appearance of Mr. Leste. That is rather curious, is it not, Sir Hussay?"

"Yes, he is rather a curious fellow," returned the Baronet, utterly unconscious of his companion's desire to discuss the possible cause of Mr. Leter's delay. "Will you come?"

"Oh, with pleasure! But can you leave so many Miss Nelsons?"

"All the Miss Nelsons are very nice," retorted Sir Hussay complacently, "but they are not Miss Glenorris."

With an expressive shrug of her shoulders, Mrs. Fears-Kienon put her arm in his and they crossed the room together, the tall woman and the short man, both so serenely impregnated with self-importance.

"Even if we find my cousin," observed Mrs. Fears-Kienon presently, "Mr. Pardy is sure to be in attendance."

"Pleasant fellow enough," laughed the Baronet, as little inclined to feel jealous of Norman Pardy as of Mrs. Fears-Kienon herself—"pleasant and good style too, though rather like some fellow in Dickens who looked as if he would bleed white if any one pricked him."

"Oh, Sir Hussay, don't say that to my cousin!" cried Mrs. Fears-Kienon, almost shocked.

"Why not?" asked the practical little Baronet.

"I feel it would be a tender subject."

"Oh, I don't! I've heard Miss Glenorris say silly things, and I overlook them. One can in her."

"One can indeed," assented his companion kindly, "in a young woman who at times can be so charming; but I do not fret over some of her habits—they so palpably betray the want of breeding which signified little until her unexpected inheritance. She uses nicknames with atrocious taste, even condescending to speak of her agent as 'Rare Ben,' just because his name is Benjamin Johnson."

"But only among yourselves," suggested the Baronet, as unconscious as she was of any rebuke in his words.

"And she calls Coombe Castle the Castle of Indolence."

"Oh, I know! She does it to me. Ah, there she is! Miss Glenorris, I positively feel jealous of the man in the moon when you give him such a lovely gaze."

"You well may," she said, only half turning her head to him while she leaned back in her lawn chair. "Fancy his having been supposed to be a punishment for him to be carried up there, to smile immortally in that glorious position, because he had imagined that while he stole a horse he could hide his theft by holding a bramble between himself and the moon."

"Don't be so cruelly unromantic, dear," sighed Mrs. Fears-Kienon.

"I wish you had been thinking of me instead of that rascal," said Sir Hussay, failing even in that outspoken question to deepen the pink in the smooth young cheeks.

"So I was a little time ago," she admitted in her calm way. "I was recalling a day when I lured Miss Kienon into a traveling waxwork show on the Downs, and the man announced to us, 'The Vickery!' I thought it rather a disrespectful way of introducing you, Sir Hussay; but positively my cousin declared the effigy did not represent you at all; she even went so far as to say the man meant to say 'The Viceroy.' I noticed that the likeness to you was not remarkable."

"Now you will come, Miss Glenorris?" pleaded Sir Hussay, laughing.

"No," she said, at first with gentle indifference, but more decisively as he persuaded, until he could do no less than offer his escort to Mrs. Fears-Kienon alone.

"But pray let me find you here on my return after one dance, Miss Glenorris," he pleaded.

She had not been alone many minutes when Doctor Calmady came up quietly, uncharacteristically raising his eyes to contemplate the still young figure, and the thoughtful face looking almost as white as the soft shawl she held around her neck.

"It is not natural," he murmured in his thoughts, "in one so young, and with such capacity for enjoyment."

Then he took a chair near her in this quiet nook that she had chosen, and laughingly asked at once if she conjectured that Mrs. Fears-Kienon would dance with him if he put it to her.

"I think not," said Joy. "But what took you away, Doctor Calmady, without even being sent for? I missed you as much as others did."

"Thank you," he answered, then paused abruptly, then as abruptly spoke, looking down as if the moonlit gravel were the only view afforded him. "There has been an accident—oh, quite a trifling accident," he hastened to add, as he felt, rather than saw, how quickly she turned her head towards him. "Some lunatic wishing to bathe took a header from the Nun's Head, knowing nothing of the rocks below, and hit his head—presumably. Lester was walking here for the dance, when a lad suddenly screamed, and Lester found the boy who had seen the man sink. Lester went in at once, and found and rescued him. I don't know what you will say, Miss Glenorris, when I tell you that Lester had him taken to your cottage hospital—ah, I thought you would be astonished!"—wilfully misunderstanding the sudden beautiful flush. "I proposed sending him to Torquay, but I made no way against Lester's confident, impertinent orders."

"And he?"

The question came slowly, even with difficulty, Doctor Calmady fancied.

"After the man was safe in Sister Alice's charge and mine, Lester went home; but I fancied he would be here before me, for he ran—wisely, after his hard swim, and—that dangerous few minutes. I waited till the man was conscious and safe, and I shall go again presently. It is a lovely night, isn't it? I was out on the cliffs when I met the lad with Lester's message to me. I'm not a dancer, you know, save when Mrs. Fears-Kienon lures me to my death—and hers. To confess the truth, I was sauntering towards the Moat; I take an idiotic interest professionally in those two tenants of yours Miss Glenorris."

"Why?" asked Joy, hoping that his reason would make clear her own thoughts of them.

"I scarcely—at least, I can scarcely explain to you."

"How fortunate that you were so easily found!" signed Joy, her thoughts back in the story he had told her. "Was Mr. Lester in danger?"

"Certainly; but that is happily over now. My boy shall learn to swim even if he never learns to read. What noble pride a man may feel to save a life as Lester saved one this evening!"

"Sometimes a man who saves one life can destroy another—I mean you wouldn't care for your boy to do that."

"No," said Doctor Calmady, without a smile. "I would, on the contrary, like him to save more than life. I have lately discovered that the son of an old patient of mine was in the same regiment as Mr. Lester, and he tells me of his marvellous influence among the soldiers, and how he saved men from—themselves. To rescue a man from himself when the self is hateful is more than rescuing him from the sea, for impulse and excitement may have so much to do with that. One upright, independent man can indeed do immense good in the Army—you of course cannot understand how much. It seems it was a great surprise to his fellow officers when he sold out; but the mystery to me is why he is farming here; because, though he works, he doesn't take it up as a hobby, nor as a means for increasing an income. Ah, Pardy, I did not see you come up; nor should I have expected you here while there is such a pretty moonlit promenade on the lawn. We were speaking of Mr. Lester."

"I am sorry to say," returned Norman Pardy—there was no extra lounging-chair, so he stood near Miss Glenorris with his arms folded on his chest—he was one of the men whom evening-dress improves, and his fair handsome face had an added refinement in the moonlight—"I am sorry to have to confess that I fail in all my efforts to be interested in Mr. Lester. I cannot trust a man who scarcely ever smiles. Please do not laugh, Miss Glenorris, at my psychological whims."

"If you are sorry to say it, why do you say it?" inquired Joy, with her straight clear gaze.

"One's honesty creeps out sometimes, even in society," he said, slightly lifting his broad shoulders. "I bear no ill-will against Lester—indeed I almost like him; but I fail to see anything, beyond the very commonplace, in his renting a farm from Miss Glenorris, and working it to make it pay. I dare say we shall soon see the arrival of a wife who will fit her niche in the farm as well as he fits his—one of those pretty tiresome women who look well to the ways of their household, and are such a mixture of angel and doll that it is a mere toss-up whether their husbands worship or despise them."

"If the world were our chess-board, we might arrange it so, Mr. Pardy—you and I," said Joy Glenorris, with the quietest disdain; "but, when we speak of fitting wives to husbands, we forget that

" 'Love has never known a law beyond its own sweet will.' "

"Love could never affect a cold man like Lester."

"Cold!" she cried, turning a flashing glance upon Mr. Pardy; then she paused, as if with a sudden remembrance. "I was astonished," she explained, "because neither you nor I know Mr. Lester sufficiently to excuse such opinions."

"Your judgment of him has always been perfectly fair and unprejudiced," said Norman, leaning forward, his smile even more gentle than usual in the tender moonlight. "You have disdained him from the first."

"From the first?" She repeated the words in a low startled way, and then, with a sudden little laugh, spoke in a different tone—"You are shrewd, Mr. Pardy, to have detected that Mr. Lester and I are less friends than acquaintances."

"Oh, I saw at once!" he affirmed, not understanding what a falsehood the beautiful warm eyes gave the icy tones, nor how even in that very instant she regretted having uttered such words to him.

"Pardy," said Doctor Calmady, no forced tones ever deceiving him, "did you not go to the Moat after we landed this afternoon, and before you went home to dress?"

"I chose to go home by the north cliffs," he corrected lightly. "I suppose that is what you mean."

"How is Miss Porch?" Joy asked calmly betraying her assurance of his having equivocated, though unaware of any motive he could have in doing so.

"Unfortunately, Miss Glenorris, I met no one of whom I could inquire," he answered, with his forbearing smile. "If I had guessed you wished to know, I would have called."

"How sad it would be," remarked the girl, with her eyes far away upon the gleaming bay, "not to be—believed!"

"Come, Pardy," said Dr. Calmady, rising, for, without seeing, he was generally aware of the moods of his companions, "Miss Glenorris came here for a few minutes' rest and I've stayed on like an ogre spoiling it for her. It is due from me to see she has it now. Come—you can seek her presently when my conscience is clear."

"I will come too," said Joy, rising; but neither of her companions knew it was because she had heard Gervys Lester's voice, and because she shrank just then from meeting him alone.

They soon encountered Sir Hussay on his way to claim his dance, and it was not until some minutes after that was over that Lester joined her.

"Who will be prowling round here in a moment to fetch you away?" he asked.

"No one," she answered, before she had had time to argue with herself that this was an impertinent introduction. "I was engaged to Mr. Eyken, but I asked him to let me off, and he was only too glad."

"It is beautiful out on the lawn and in the cliff-garden."

"Yes," she said, as if no question lurked in the remark; "I have been out."

"And will not come again?"

"Doctor Calmady was telling me of the accident," she observed, passing with him through one of the French windows.

"He might have left it untold to-night," said Lester briefly.

"Oh, he talked a great deal about you!" returned the girl, glad to delay any allusion to the danger he had passed through. "He has a high opinion of your—prowess I think is what he meant—at any rate, it is a nice word."

"I understand. He brackets me with stout Hugh Ninnick, who never hesitated over such trifles as breaking a constable's head or the shins of a churchwarden."

"I don't think," Miss Glenorris observed graciously, "that he spoke of your breaking anybody's shins."

"Only anybody's head. Thank you."

"No"—sedately—"nor anybody's head."

"Then nothing," asserted Lester, laughing, "because he cannot pretend I have broken anybody's heart."

"Oh, no," she said, without a gleam of mirth in the lovely moonlit eyes; "he could not go so far as that, of course!"

"And Mr. Pardy," asked Lester, curtly turning the conversation, "was with you, I suppose, as usual?"

"Yes, he was with me, as usual. Mr. Pardy, like other men, pays court to my possessions."

"Let the truth be what it will, the speech is unworthy of you, Miss Glenorris," observed Lester sternly.

"Do you mean to insinuate," she asked, with delicate lifted brows, "that it is myself they like?"

"I mean," he answered, with brief earnestness, "to insinuate even that."

"Then I hope," she said, with gentle nonchalance, "the recording angel will drop the necessary tear."

"I could fancy a man unbiased by your wealth, for, after all, it is not so very great. I don't pretend to speak from personal feeling: I, of course, should be the one exception."

"You—of course—would be the one exception," she echoed, with a pang of self-reproach as she remembered how differently she had meant to speak to him to-night. "I wonder," she began, as if opening an unlimited conjecture, but she wound up abruptly with—"I wonder why."

"Don't wonder: it is such a wearing process, so 'endless and circular.'"

"But I do wonder," said the girl; "I wonder perpetually. Is there not"—with one of her sudden changes, without bringing her eyes from their distant gaze—"an old Christian legend that the moon is Mary Magdalen's face, and the spots upon it the tears of her repentance?"

"You did not tell me," he said—she never guessing the restraint he put upon himself when he found how it made his heart ache to read the lovely dreamy face—"whether Mr. Pardy joined in the lively discussion about my breaking heads and badly bruised shins."

"Oh, no! He said—— Let me see. He said you fitted the Glen Farm admirably, and he hoped you would soon bring to it an equally fitting wife—one of those pretty tiresome women—oh, I remember the words quite well!—who look well to the ways of their household, and are such a mixture of angel and doll that it is a mere toss-up whether their husbands worship or despise them."

"His impertinence must pass, as he said it to you," observed Lester, with stern steps; "but you forget yourself when you repeat it to me as a jest."

"I did," she said, with a sudden wistfulness in her eyes.

"And you know that no woman will ever reign in my home."

"Oh, I hope that one will indeed, and that you——"

But her impulsive words were stopped by his command to her to be silent.

"You are very hard," she said then rather nervously.

"If I were not, my heart would surely break."

"You said only a minute ago you could not break hearts, so why pretend you could break your own?"

"I never said," he answered, wincing under her reckless speech, "that you could not break hearts. Is it your wealth which is spoiling you?"

"Spoiling me? Do I look as though I was spoiled?"

"Not to a casual observer," he answered, with a brief cool glance. "You, well, your dress is pretty enough, though it looks unlike the others here. Cannot you afford jewels? I never see you wear even a ring."

"I did not speak about my appearance," she cried, struggling with two slow tears which had risen at his last words. "I meant my wealth has improved me in other ways; I was—senseless before."

"I see. Then what is it that is spoiling you. Admiration?"

"You know I do not have enough to spoil me," she said, with lifted brows. "You know I could bear—much more; I have not won the ideal admirer yet—that kind one who says—

> "'You bade me love you, and the deed was done;
> And, when you cried "Enough!" I stopped, and, when
> You bade me go, I went, and, when you said
> "Forget me," I forgot.'

Think how comfortable it all was for her. 'When you said "Forget me," I really forgot.'"

He was silent for so long after this that she breaks the silence a little excitedly.

"Is that what you will say to the pretty tiresome woman who looks well to the ways of her household?"

"If you cannot be kind, do at least be silent."

"But you would think me so dull if I were silent," she said—he reading only flippancy in the rapid feverish utterance—"and I have positively exhausted the subject of the weather. I agreed with Sir Hussay Vickery that it was a fine night; I came gradually over to Mr. Eyken's conclusion that it had been a fine day; I fell in with Doctor Calmady's opinion on the likelihood of its being fine to-morrow; I allowed Mr. Nelson to win me over to his ideas about the superiority of a fine day over a wet one; and I——"

"That will do," interposed Lester calmly. "This is our dance. Do you wish me to release you from your promise?"

"Would you if I wished it?" she asked; and for one moment his brain reeled at a greater question he read behind the mischievous glance.

"No, I would not," he answered quietly, and put his arm around her, as the band struck up the then favorite valse "Bien-Aimee."

"Then I am ready," she said, but turned aside from his warm and steadfast gaze, as if afraid to meet it.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"JOY!"

Only a few couples still waltzed on, and Gervys Lester might have given his partner a rest long before he made this sudden pause, his arm tightening unconsciously round her waist, and his eyes anxiously seeking hers.

"I have tired you," he said. "What a selfish dunce a man can be when he is perfectly happy! It is well for you that such hours come for me—once only in a lifetime."

"It is my fault," the girl returned, the color coming back slowly into her pale cheeks. "I could have stopped you if I had wished."

"You forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive," she answered with a little gasp. "I ought to have remembered that I was tired, while it was your first dance."

"And last," he added in a very quiet tone.

"I should like now to go home."

"To go home! To leave all this?" he asked, an untold gladness in his eyes for all his deep anxiety for her.

"Yes."

"Am I to order your carriage then? Will it have come so early?"

"No, it will come later—for my cousins. I will walk. Rachel has gone, but my shawl is warm enough, or there is a fur cloak of mine in the hall."

"May I walk with you?"

"But you would miss so much while we walk."

"May I come?"

"Yes—please."

"Thank you," he said, his voice a little broken.

And so, when he had wrapped her warmly up, they started together across the moonlit park, no one knowing of their departure save Mrs. Nelson, so quickly and so quietly had Lester managed it. They kept on the seaward side of the park, and now and then stood to listen to the soft free rolling in of the waves upon the beach below, not broken or beaten back by the great rocks as they were farther on, and once to watch the passing across the line of moonlight of a vessel looking black against the silvery heaving weather; but they were very silent, for it seemed to both as if words were needless in the deep satisfying beauty of such an hour.

They came up to Merlswood on the side of a long conservatory, and Joy looked almost wistfully in among the green palms and ferns.

"I will go in this way," she said; and Lester pulled the hanging-bell beside the door.

"No, you made no mistake, Keats," she hastened to say when her butler, following Roland to the door, feared he had sent a wrong order to the coachman. "The carriage isn't due yet at the Knoll, and will be in good time. Mr. Lester has brought me home early because I was tired. Do not wait; I will draw the bolts. I often do."

The two were together within the conservatory when the men left it, but a minute afterwards she offered her hand to Mr. Lester.

"Good-bye," he said, taking it into his warm clasp. "Would it be expecting too much if I anticipated your forgiveness a second time this evening?"

"It is not a usual fault of yours to expect much from any one."

"Because I hope," he answered quietly, "that no one will expect much from me. Shall I vex you beyond forgiveness if I once more urge you to allow Johnson to give Miss Porch notice to leave the Moat? You can easily say that the house ought to be pulled down. I mean this most earnestly. If you could but understand! I could urge it for her own sake, and that is likely to weigh more with you, for she is not strong enough for the life she leads here, and a change would really save her life, I believe."

"Surely she herself knows best," said Joy, as she stood looking gravely out. Then suddenly the color flamed in her cheeks, as she recalled the words she had overheard from him, and remembered that he must by some means have known of Agatha's deception at Merlswood, though she had herself kept it secret.

"Then you will not take this warning from me?" he asked, in her silence.

"Perhaps you," she said, with chill disdain, "will take a warning from me, Mr. Lester, and not go—yourself—to the Moat."

"I should not need to go," he rejoined, so quietly that she never detected the surprise her words had given him, "if you dismissed Miss Porch."

"Is that to be my motive for dismissing her, to deliver her from your visits? I fear it is not powerful enough. Your acts must be independent of mine. Perhaps you are going to-night. If so, do not let me detain you."

"I shall go to-night if they are up," he answered rather sternly. "It must be to-night, if at all."

"Then I hope you will not be too late to see Miss Porch," she observed, with the most courteous stiffness. "I wonder what time it is. I fear you haven't a watch like the old Duke of Wellington's, to tell you the time by feeling."

"I can see," he answered. "It is ten o'clock exactly. Then you will not in any way accept my warning?"

As he spoke he offered her his hand for the second time, and she took it, looking into his face with sudden involuntary earnestness.

"I wish you would not go to the Moat to-night," she said.

"I will not if you will promise what I ask."

"I certainly will not do that," she answered rather hastily; and then they said "Good-bye," and he went on his way, she watching him, half unconscious that she did so, as she sat in one of the lounging-chairs among the palms and let her thoughts have their own way.

Deep as her reverie was, it did not prevent her watching the dark figure in the park; and she she saw that he did not go back to the Knoll, where she knew they would be looking for him, nor into his usual way to the Glen Farm, through the coppice that skirted the path on the west, but turned to the north cliffs, and so into the direct path to the Moat.

* * * * * *

"I wonder," said Joy, shivering, as she took her way to her room, "how long a time I have wasted in that useless dismal dream that could do nobody any good, least of all myself?"

Glancing at the little Dresden timepiece in her dressing-room, she saw that it was a quarter-past eleven o'clock.

"Why, Rachel," she cried, with a smile for her sleepy maid, "time has flown faster for you than for the rest of the world! Look what my watch says; it surely must contradict the timepiece."

"Exactly a quarter-past eleven, madam," said Rachel, studying the little plain unjeweled watch; "and it is quite a quarter of an hour since the stable-clock struck. I did not expect you, madam; the carriage has not started yet."

"No," said Miss Glenorris, and then forgot, until the memory meant so much, this little conversation with her maid.

* * * * * *

For long hours Joy Glenorris lay wide awake upon her pillows; then she fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that Gervys Lester wanted to swim across a moonlit sea to save Agatha Porch, and that she held him back.

From this dream she awoke with her eyes full of tears; and, dreading a repetition of it, she arose.

"The fresh air will do me good," she said; "the cool sweet morning air will rest my eyes. Then Sister Alice will tell me how her poor patient is, and—they told me Miss Porch was ill, or likely to be ill, didn't they? I will go to her, though only for her sister's sake. Perhaps indeed," with a faint smile, "it is only for my own sake, through my great restlessness."

She walked slowly along the cliffs, a fair young figure in her white morning-dress, no color even in the roses at her neck, all brightness centred in her hair, all shadows in her glorious eyes.

"Why, Miss Glenorris, I am surprised to meet you so early! Going to see the poor fellow Lester rescued? He is all right, save for the hurt to his head, and we shall soon heal that. Your clever nurse would be delighted to see you; but let my bulletin spare you that further walk."

"Thank you, Doctor Calmady," said Joy. "Then I will only call in at the Moat."

"If so," said he, suppressing the fact that he himself had been going thither, "I will await you at the gate. Excuse me one moment, for I think that man before us must belong to the Glen Farm, and I can ask if Mr. Lester is all right after that wetting he got last night. Mrs. Nelson fears not, as he never reappeared at the Knoll after taking you home."

Doctor Calmady returned in a few minutes to Joy, as she waited for him at the little garden gate.

"Lester is not at the farm," he said. "The man believes he did not return at all last night; but of course that is not probable, and the fellow is not likely to know. Now, Miss Glenorris, I will await you here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INCLINATION AND TASTES.—If any man yoked together, to a common cart, two horses, the tendency of one of which was to go forward, while the other pushed backward, the probability would be that that cart could make no progress at all, even if it did not actually come to grief in the plunging of the two steeds which were to pull it along. This homely simile is all too often seen in marriage.

Young men get smitten by a pretty face, or a pretty face is smitten by a young man. An introduction is obtained, and for a few months the pretty face passes a few hours every week in the company of a sweetheart. During this time, both the pretty face and the sweetheart wear company manners, both are self-sacrificing. Harry won't do anything that Annie does not like, and Annie would as soon think of cutting her hand off as of acting contrary to Harry's wishes. So the fateful day arrives when a new wedding-ring, suddenly taken out of a dark waistcoat-pocket, glances astonished round a church, and is then slipped on a dear finger. Another twain, in the beautiful language of the Church, have been "made one."

But that is just where the rub comes in. Now comes the time for a mutual self-denial. Here is a partnership for life, and as the edges do not quite fit, a bit must be taken from one side and a fragment smoothed down on the othe other, till all is smooth and level, and the old courting days come over again.

If most people could buy, the day they marry, a small bottle containing the extract of a year's marital experience, and take it in one dose, nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages of the day would be impossible.

Still, youth and love will pull a heavy load if they pull together, and both pretty face and the sweetheart will find as the months roll on, and they get to know more of each other, and to therefore like each other with greater affection, that pre-nuptial days have not half the calm joys in their grasp which succeeding years bring.

# Bric-a-Brac.

"BORROWING."—"Borrowing" seems to be done with some talent in Blanco, Tex., judging from the annexed local from a journal of that town: One of our young men while out gathering in some wood with which to make himself a fire last Wednesday, got badly left, as when he came back he had no stove in which to build the fire—it had gone mysteriously. The fact was he was borrowing from a neighboring wood pile, and while out the neighbor borrowed his stove.

THE TRAVELING PLANT.—To a number of curious plants, such as the carnivorous and fly-catching plant, a new specimen has lately been added, which is described as the traveling plant. It is said to be of the lily of the valley species and has a root formed of knots, by which it annually advances about an inch distant from the place where the plant was first rooted. Every year another knot is added, which drags the plant further on, so that in twenty years' time the plant has traveled about twenty inches from its original place.

THE CAT.—On the death of a cat the ancient Egyptians shaved off their eyebrows, and the deceased animal was embalmed, and buried with great solemnity in a sacred spot. Many cat mummies have been found in the Egyptian tombs, and some are to be seen now in the British Museum. Some are wrapped separately in ample bandages covered with inscriptions; others of a less degree of sanctity are preserved in numbers with a single wrapping for several. Their movements and their cries were consulted as oracles, and the murder, or even the accidental killing, of one of them, was punished by death.

RELIGIOUS DOGS.—The famous St. Bernard dogs are very carefully trained. A traveler who visited some of the monasteries of the monks of St. Bernard a few years ago found the monks teaching their dogs from the earliest stages of puppyhood. Not only is physical and mental training included in the teaching, but spiritual culture is by no means neglected. At meal-time the dogs sit in a row, each with a tin dish before him containing his repast. Grace is said by one of the monks; the dogs sit motionless with bowed heads. Not one stirs until the 'Amen' is spoken. If a frisky puppy partakes of his meal before grace is over, an older dog growls and gently tugs his ear.

WHAT IT WAS.—A western man was recently overheard talking in a loud and angry tone of voice as follows: "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you miserable thing? I'm disgusted with you. Every night you go frequenting low places and making a nuisance of yourself. You're ruining your character and making other folks miserable. Night after night you sink lower and lower. Ain't you ever going to brace up?" No particular attention was paid to it, for everybody only said, as every does say in Chicago under such circumstances, "He's working up a divorce." What really did astonish them was to learn that it was his thermometer he was abusing in that shameless manner.

THE MOSQUITO.—The Indians have a very satisfactory account of the origin of the mosquitoes. The legend runs thus:—There were in times of old, many moons ago, two huge feathered monsters, permitted by the Great Spirit to descend from the sky and alight on the banks of the Seneca River. Their form was exactly that of the mosquito. They were so large that they darkened the sun like a cloud as the flew towards the earth. Standing one on either bank, they guarded the river, and stretching their long necks into the canoes of the Indians, as they attempted to paddle along the stream, gobbled them up, as the stork king in the fable gobbled up the frogs. The destruction of life was so great that not an Indian could pass without being devoured in the attempt. It was long before the monsters could be exterminated, and them only by the combined efforts of all the warriors of the Cayuga and Onondaga nations. The battle was terrible, but the warriors finally triumphed, and the mammoth mosquitoes were slain and left unburied. For this neglect the Indians had to pay dearly. The carcasses decomposed, and the particles, vivified by the sun, flew off in clouds of mosquitoes, which have filled the country ever since.

THE FANCY.—The influence of the imagination is illustrated by a Chicago doctor's story: A big fellow got the notion that he was to die at eleven o'clock on a certain day. The doctor was sent for and arrived just fifteen minutes before the crank intended to die. He looked like a man on the verge of eternity. His eyes were dim and sunken, his face had that peculiar pallor which heralds the near approach of death, and his breathing was very labored. The family were gathered around and weeping as they took a final leave. Something had to be done quick. Calling a smart looking woman aside, the doctor told her to set the clock on the mantelpiece ahead as soon as he got the attention of the patient. He then hustled the family out of the room, sat down on the edge of the bed, and began telling the fellow a blood-curdling murder story, locating it in the town where he knew everybody, and so completely interested that he forgot about his 11 o'clock appointment. "When I gave him a chance to look again," relates the doctor, "it was twenty minutes to 12, and he was actually mad for a time, claiming that he had been tricked. He finally got to laughing, and we all took dinner together. The next day he whipped two men at a barn-raising for twitting him about the programme of death that miscarried."

### AT NIGHT.

BY J. OLLIVIER.

At night, when work is done, 'mid shadows gray that darken
And cling about the window, where once the sun was bright,
Sweet sounds come back again to which we used to hearken,
At night!

At night, though we are old, and the gray shadows clinging,
Presage to us that shore where there is no more light,
Sometimes there come again sweet airs of childhood singing,
At night!

At night we two may sit in shadow open-hearted;
Long since the time has passed when hope was all in sight!
Softly we sing the songs of happy days departed,
At night!

At night the cricket's voice sounds through the shadows dreary:
Our songs, alas! like his, have neither charm nor weight;
We only rest and sing, hushed hopes and voices weary!
At night!

# DOUBLE CUNNING.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER XXX—(CONTINUED.)

AND the fly? The horse?"

"The fly and horse will stop in the stable till called for in a day or two, when the sick gentleman comes back from town, where he has gone to undergo an operation."

"But we are not coming back."

"Certainly not sweet innocence!—mind and don't run us into that ditch. The landlord will wait and calculate how much we owe him for rent and keep, and at last he will advertise in the local papers that if the horse and fly are not claimed by a certain date they will be sold by auction to clear expenses."

"All likely to excite suspicion."

"In you, because you have hold of the thread; but to one who has to seek it, depend upon it he will never put that and that together. My dear Jack, my plans are too safe, I am sure. Suppose, at the very worst, the dark invalid gentleman were suspected to be Range. Well, they might trace him to Rotherham, where the train was taken to King's Cross. There it would be lost."

"How?"

"Because the people at the station would not see where we go. We have no luggage, and we'll make him walk to the underground station. The porters and people are too busy to notice what goes on under their noses. I'm going to play boldly, and I depend much upon the disguise."

"But they will know that Range has been kidnapped, and the detectives all over the country will be on the track."

"Who will know that Range has been kidnapped?"

"Why, everybody."

"How will they know it?"

"Why, they must."

"Nonsense, my dear boy! Don't raise bugbears. Nobody saw him taken; nobody knows he has been taken. He is missing from Sir Harry Fanshaw's—well, he may have taken it into his head to go. He may have tumbled into the river. The only thing against us is that a dark invalid gentleman was taken through the country by night in a fly because he could not bear the heat of the day. The policeman knows that. There you have it."

"Well, isn't that enough?"

"It might be, my dear Jack, but I feel satisfied that it will not be. Even a detective would not trace him by that. But, hang it, man! there must be some risk. Could you have contrived the scheme better?"

"No, that I could not," said Pannell, giving his whip a whisk through the air.

"Then leave it alone, my dear boy, and think of the coin. It would not be a hanging matter if we were found out. Drive on a little faster."

The horse received a cut and increased his rate, and the night slowly wore away.

Once now and then Sheldrake descended and entered the fly to inspect the state of the prisoner, whose teeth were forced open and a lozenge inserted; but he gave no trouble whatever, and the journey was continued over hill after hill of a wild, bleak-looking country side, the course followed being taken so unhesitatingly that it was evident that the party had well studied their road.

From time to time a policeman was met, but the quiet respectability of the turn-out, and the silver band on the driver's hat, were sufficient to lull all suspicion; and the fly rolled on with its insensible burden.

Sheldrake had made his calculations so well that the clocks were striking eight as the fly was driven along the main street of the busy manufacturing town, and soon after a halt was made at the door of one of the principal inns.

Here, after a short colloquy with the landlord, Range was carefully lifted out and carried to a bedroom; the fly was driven into the yard, breakfast ordered in the sitting-room attached to the chamber, and the landlord himself superintended the preparation of the meal.

"I wouldn't have hesitated a moment, gentlemen," he said; "only sickness is so serious in a house like mine. If people thought there was anything catching—fever, or that sort of thing—it would be ruin."

"Of course it would, landlord," said Sheldrake, blandly.

"And the poor gentleman's complaint is not very likely to turn that way like, sir?"

"I put it to you, landlord," said Sheldrake, "and my dear friend Doctor Parkins shall give you his opinion if you like."

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure, sir," said the landlord, who was still a little nervous.

"Five years in Jamaica, and being a little too free with the brandy, has done all this. Now what do you think?"

"Oh! if that's it, sir, why of course, I see, sir, I see," said the landlord, cheerily, for any ailment produced by too much drink seemed to be perfectly natural, and nothing to mind. "Going on to-day, sir?"

"By the 2.25. We'll leave the fly here. You'll take great care of the horse?"

"As much as if it was my own, sir. You may depend upon me."

All ran its course as Sheldrake had arranged. A fly bore the sick man to the station, where he was tenderly placed under the doctor's superintendence in a first-class compartment, one being selected that had no divisions to the seats. This carriage was placed ready by a very sympathetic station-master, who did not scorn a tip, attached to the fast train, and Sheldrake and Mewburn smoked cigars all the way up, the driver looking rather ill-used at having to seek a seat in a second-class car.

At the terminus, Range, supported by two of his companions, walked from the main station to the underground in a mechanical way; and there they were joined by Jack Pannell, whose drab overcoat and livery hat had been deposited in the cloak-room, from which a hat-box was released, and who now appeared with his beard in full flow, and wearing a soft felt hat.

Here they secured another compartment, and in the course of their journey a marked change took place in Sheldrake, the change being effected by means of a cassock-like vest across his broad chest.

A little buttoning up, too, altered Mewburn's aspect. He took a tall hat from the box that had been released from the cloak-room, and from within this a soft clerical felt, which Sheldrake took in place of his own, which went into the box.

Between two more stations a change was effected in Range by means of a sponge, and some water poured from a flask into the cup. It was a hasty and cribbed style of ablution, but it was sufficient to render Range's face white once more, a close sealskin travelling cap further disguising him, so that, but for his dazed, drowsy look, he in nowise resembled the invalid brought up from Rotherham by the last train that day.

"Well," said Sheldrake, at last, "they may be too many for us, but they'll be clever if they run us down. I don't think we've anything to fear from outside, but ——"

"Well, go on," said Mewburn, for his companion had stopped. "What do you mean by 'but'?"

"I mean, if we are bowled out it will be from inside."

"Inside?"

"Yes, by our friend here, or some weakness of our own."

"But we shall be so careful. We must be so careful," said Mewburn, rubbing his hands. "It has been so tremendous an expense that we must succeed or it will be ruin."

"Well, you needn't look at me like that," said John Pannell; "I'm not going to upset the affair. I know my part by heart."

"Then don't forget it, Jack," said Sheldrake, quietly; "and above all, be careful about names. Doctor Nathan Parkins, your obedient servant," he said, with a bow to Mewburn.

"Yours, my reverend friend," said the other, with a mock obeisance. "We ought to have some cards printed."

"Yes," said Sheldrake, smiling, and taking out his pocket-book. "I thought so too. Here you are!"

"What! have you had them done?" said Mewburn.

"Of course. I think of all these things," said Sheldrake, coolly, as he handed a small packet to each of his companions, and showed his own card, on which appeared "Reverend Frank Range."

Pannell read aloud—

"Mr. John Range."

"Nathan Parkins, M.D.," read Mewburn. "I say," he add, "I'm in doubt about you two calling yourselves Range."

"I'm not," said Sheldrake. "Sooner or later our friend here will get speech with some one and say his name is Range. Well, that will endorse our story that he is our brother gone in the head."

"My dear Shell, what a man you are!" said Mewburn, holding out his hand.

"But look here," said Pannell, "it was foolish to give our own Christian names. I don't think that's right."

"Don't you?" said Sheldrake. "I do. We must not bowl ourselves out. We must be open and free with everybody to disarm suspicion, and we should be certain to call each other by our Christian names sooner or later. I did it for safety."

"Here, I cave in," said Pannell, holding out his hand. "Shell, you are——"

"Frank."

"Well, there, Frank, you have surely a head."

"Northall!" came from the platform, as the train stopped and the party descended, Range being lifted out by Pannell, who was tremendously strong when he liked to exert himself.

There was a fly at the door, and after a drive of about a mile the horse was checked at a great iron gate in a high wall over which, dimly seen in the starlight, large trees hung their branches.

The sound of wheels had brought a servant girl to the gate, which was unlocked, and the prisoner borne in by Pannell and Mewburn, while Sheldrake paid the man his fare, with a shilling over, as he said, for being civil.

Then Sheldrake entered, and the servant girl closed and locked the gate, while the driver slowly mounted his seat and drove off.

"I thought as much," he said. "I was as sure as could be that if the Red House was taken it would be for the old game. Just like in a market, the butchers all get together, and here's this place made one big asylum with mad-houses all round. Poor beggars! some of 'em urn't so mad as they seem, and I wish 'em well out of the mess."

Meanwhile, Range had been half carried along a broad gravel walk between fine old clustering shrubs to a flight of steps, at the top of which was an open door leading into a spacious hall, where, with the light of the shaded lamp shining upon her eager face, stood Sarah Pannell.

"You have him?" she whispered, quite hoarsely.

"Yes," said Mewburn, quickly; "open that door."

Sarah Pannell threw open the door of a spacious dining room, and Range was carried in and thrown upon an old-fashioned sofa.

"Let him lie there till the girl's gone to bed," said Mewburn, panting. "Phew! he's heavy."

Just then the sound of the front door being closed and barred could be heard, followed by the rattling of a chain and the shooting of bolts, for it was past eleven. But they were ominous sounds, suggestive of a prison for the man who lay in a heavy stupor upon the couch.

Sheldrake entered the room and closed the door.

"Now then," he said, "give me some brandy. I'm tired out. Well, fair Sarah, contemplating our golden idol, eh?"

Sarah Pannell did not answer. She did not seem to hear his words, but stood there, full in the light of the table-lamp, gazing down at Range; and if ever face bore the imprint of malicious hate, mingled with desire for revenge, it was hers, as she said softly to herself—

"At last! And I made myself foolish for such a miserable wretch at that!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

WHEN Arthur Range opened his eyes and began to look about him he found himself lying upon a strangely made French bedstead, in a plainly furnished, spacious bedroom; but, beyond looking vacantly round and noting this, he troubled himself no more.

For his head ached frightfully, and he suffered from a peculiar nausea that robbed him of all desire to move.

He closed his eyes—not to sleep, but to lie perfectly still, with a singing noise in his ears that rose and fell. Sometimes it was like the faint, strange whisper heard when a shell is held against the ear; then it would increase, till it seemed as if hundreds of tiny bells were ringing afar off; and then it would become a dull roar, and pass away.

After a time the throbbing in his head became easier, and his brain less benumbed. In a dreamy, indifferent way he now unclosed his eyes, and once more they traveled about the room to note a faint buzzing in one corner, and the agitation going on in a film of net close to the ceiling near his bed.

That must have been the singing noise he recalled, for he was beginning to think now, and put this and that together.

It was quite interesting—a large golden fly had been caught in the web of a spider, and it was struggling hard to get away, but in vain, for the busy spider had its legs at work, and was twisting its prisoner over and over in the web, till thread after thread bound down wings, legs, and the segments of its body, and it was completely at the cunning insect's mercy.

Range gazed at this in an abstracted manner for some time, and then his eyes wandered away to where the sun shone in through a couple of windows whose blinds had been drawn up nearly to the top.

There were ivy leaves all about those windows, like a frame, and the leaves that hung down quivered in the breeze.

At another time he would not have noticed those ivy leaves, but now they interested him, and it was curious to see that two long strands of the summer growth, with smaller, delicately-formed leaves, had thrust themselves out from the rest, and were hanging half cross the window at the top.

That seemed enough for the present, for his head began to throb, and he lay with his eyes closed again; but after a time they were opened, and his gaze went straight back to those two strands of ivy, one of which, agitated by the breeze, kept up a gentle tapping upon one pane.

Those seemed to be strong, old-fashioned windows, with rather small panes; and, once upon a time, this must have been a nursery, for there were stout iron bars from top to bottom to keep the children from falling out.

"Children will climb," thought Range; and then the sensation of names came back, and as he closed his eyes again it seemed to him that he was a child once more, and that he had been ill. For he remembered lying sick in just such a nursery as this.

No, he was not a child, and the sick sensation had passed off. His eyes were clearer too, and he let them wander about over the walls, at the faded, flower-patterned paper, the tall painted clothes-press, and then at an oval hand-glass, new and bright looking, and a picture or two hanging upon the wall—old-fashioned prints they were of the Queen and Prince Albert; and there was another over the washstand of the great Duke of Wellington, with apparently a ghastly sabre cut across his temple and famous nose athwart his cheek to the corner of his mouth. But it was not a gash, only a crack in the glass, and it struck Range that if that picture were not seen to it would soon be down, for the nail was nearly out of the plaster wall. The paper about it, too, was torn, and a little of the white plaster had crumbled out, lying on the torn paper and on the top of the frame close by the ring.

All trifles these, which he afterwards recalled, wondering that they should have interested him so much, instead of that question that might have been supposed to strike him first—how came he there?

At last, through the soft mist that seemed to have dulled and deposited a thick dew of forgetfulness over his memory and intellect, the thought came very slowly to him that he would be easier if he changed his position.

It took some time, in his prostrate state, for that thought to come right home. At first it made his head ache, and he closed his eyes and left it for a time; but at last it asserted itself again, and in obedience to the thought he tried to turn on one side.

That act roused him, and he was thoroughly awakened at last from his dragged sleep, for in an instant he now realized that he was fastened down to the bed.

He lay panting—not from the effort, but from the strange effect this knowledge had upon him. His eyes dilated, the perspiration gathered in great drops about his temples, and his eyes were involuntarily directed towards the spider's web and the prisoner he could see there, with the great insect hard at work sucking away at the juices contained in the body of the luckless fly.

"A prisoner!" he ejaculated, and as if it were magnetic he started at that spider's web, with the recollection of certain words that he had heard in one of the arbors at Salzingen coming back with a rapidity and force that seemed to stun him, till, making an effort over himself, he exclaimed—

"Absurd! I must have been ill."

"Yes, that's it," he added, after a moment or two's pause. "I have been very ill—some fever, I suppose. Let's see, what do I remember last?"

His head was momentarily growing clearer, and he lay perfectly still, forcing down the strong desire he felt to struggle and shriek out for help.

"I've been very ill and delirious, I suppose," he said to himself, after an effort, in which he proved his possession of wonderful force of will and stubborn determination. "Now, let's see, what can I recollect about being ill?"

He lay still, gazing out of the ivy-framed windows, and then drew a long breath.

"Nothing," he said at last; "nothing whatever. It is all a blank. I must have been very bad."

He was quiescent for awhile, and then he went on musing aloud—

"It must have been that scene with Ju——with Miss Nesbitt, threw me off my balance. I wonder how long it is ago. I've read of love, and I've heard of fellows shooting and poisoning themselves for it, but I didn't know it could be so bad as this. Affects a fellow with a sort of brain fever, I suppose. I ought to be quiet and not worry myself; but I don't feel bad now, only better and better. My head doesn't ache, and I'm—surely this sinking feeling can't be hunger? Pooh! Absurd! I'm very weak and ill, of course. Someone will be here soon—the nurse, or perhaps Sir Robert, will come and have a look at me. They've put me up in this room because it's cool and quiet, I suppose. Ah! I was a very lucky fellow to be taken ill in such good quarters."

Then he lay thinking and listening to the sparrows which came and sat upon his window-sill, chirping loudly. Would Judith be sorry that he was so bad? Not likely. It was all a bit of madness on his part, and he ought to have known better. So sweet a lady was not likely to be impressed by so rough and uncultivated a fellow as he was.

"And I'm glad of it, after all," he said. "And I love her more than ever. She's all I ever thought her to be—a sweet, honest, true-hearted English lady who scorned to accept me just because I was immensely rich."

Then he thought about his last interview with her, and his walk afterwards in the woodland road.

"Put a stop to my leaving," he said; and a feeling of latent hope began to dawn that perhaps, after all, Judith might relent. He was thinking this when, like a flash, he remembered meeting the two strangers.

"I'd forgotten that," he said, half aloud; "why——"

He stopped short to try and think it out; but he could recall nothing but walking with them to put them in the right direction. After that all was blank.

"It must have been coming on then," he said to himself. "I was getting bad; and I must have been taken ill some time in the night."

Just then there was the faint sound of a key in a lock, and a bolt was shot back;

there were steps in a passage, voices speaking, and sounding distant and muffled; then another key in a lock, the shooting back of a fresh bolt, and a closely fitting door was opened, for steps and voices suddenly became very plain. Then a key was inserted in his own door, and with lightning-like rapidity Range realised, as he tried once more to move, that two straps were across his loins and knees, tightly holding him down, that he was in a strait-waistcoat whose sleeves were tied down to the sides of the bedstead, and as his eyes once more, as if in opposition to his will, sought the spider's web and the helpless fly, he began to realise that this was his case, and his position was dawning upon him with overwhelming force.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CLEARING THE MIST.

FROM the spider's web Range's eyes sought the door once more—a plain, stoutly panelled door, with large panels at the bottom, two smaller in the middle, and a couple quite small at the top.

Suddenly this door was thrown open, and Range saw two men stride in—two men whom he seemed to have met before, and yet they were strangers. One was a bluff, manly-looking clergyman, in silken cassock vest, and narrow, plain band, and white cravat; the other, a thinner, smaller, eager-looking man, in spotless black, with large gold fob, chain, and seals, quite of the old-fashioned type; and they came straight up to his bedside with inquiring looks.

There was something about them that reminded Range of the two men he had met in the woodland road; but they were so different now, and he was in doubt when the clergyman spoke.

"My dear Arthur, you are much better now?"

Before Range could reply the man in black had bent over him, and then raised himself up with a satisfied nod.

"Yes," he said, "better—decidedly better. He has taken a change."

In spite of himself Range felt his blood seem to run cold and away back to his heart for he recognized both these voices; they were the same that he had heard in the arbor at Salzingen; and there was something horribly prophetic, as in the guise of warning, in that spider's web in the corner. For every word that had been uttered that night was deep in his memory. That smooth-spoken, clerical-looking man had then made his plans, and so far they had been successful. He was in his power, locked up in this house, and——

Of course, he saw it all now; these were the two whom he had met in the wood, and they had assumed that nasal twang. Once he recalled that their voices had seemed very familiar, but it had made no impression.

That cigar! Yes, he saw it all now. Well, they had taken this trick, but they had not won anything yet. Perhaps he could be as stubborn and obstinate as the leader of the gang. They should see.

He did not speak, and they stood smiling down at him in a quiet, pleasant way that did not conceal their triumph; while as Range looked firmly back at them he made up his mind as to his course of action.

He was completely in their power, and he was man of the world enough, accustomed to danger, to know that cries for help, appeals, and threats would be so much waste of breath. It was a piece of gambling with men who were determined, for they were playing for tremendous stakes, and they had declared in his hearing that they meant to win.

Well, he was determined that they should not, and he was going to try and bring his skill to bear against theirs, his cunning against all they could show. It was to be "double cunning," he said, for the demon must be fought with his own bright weapons.

"Are you in any pain now, my dear Arthur?" said the clergyman, quietly, and in a voice full of interest."

"Order up some breakfast for me directly," said Range, coolly.

The two men exchanged a few glances, and the lesser took his cue from the other's look.

"Decidedly a change for the better," he said. "I think, Mr. Range, he might have a light refreshment; the healthy appetite is returning."

"Are you speaking to me?" said Range, sharply.

"My dear sir, no. To your brother here."

"Oh! that's my brother, is it?" said Range.

"Yes. Don't you know him—the Reverend Frank Range?"

"Oh! the Reverend Frank Range, eh? Is that the last alias?"

"A little wrong still, doctor," whispered the clergyman, sighing.

"A trifle, my dear sir, a trifle," was the reply. "We cannot expect this to be otherwise than a tedious case. We must be patient—patient!"

"Are you going to keep me tied down here like this?" said Range.

"Only for the present, my dear sir; only for the present. Your good brother is exceedingly anxious that you should be at liberty; but it will be better, I think, for a time, that you should lie perfectly still as you are."

"Is Jack Pannell here?" said Range, sharply; and his home-thrust startled the pair, who again exchanged glances.

"My dear Arthur, yes. Our brother John is here; but why do you call him Pannell?"

"Look here," said Range, bluntly, "you spoke of me as an idiot, the other night—you did, Mr. Frank Sheldrake. You see I know your name, and I know your plans. Yes, Mr. Nathan Mewburn, I know your plans, so you had better drop all this foolery. I suppose it is part of the scheme. It's clever, though, as clever as the contrivance by which you trapped me in that wood."

"What does he mean?" said Range's visitors, in a breath.

"There, let it go," said Range, angrily. "You see, I'm not such an idiot as not to see through all this. Perhaps I am not wise in letting you see how much I know of your plans; perhaps I am. At all events, it will simplify matters if we are plain with one another."

"To be sure, yes, to be sure," said Mewburn, rubbing his hands.

"My dear doctor, is that wise?" said Sheldrake. "Had you not better give my poor brother some quieting draught?"

"Hang your quieting draught, you scoundrel!" roared Range, furiously. "Let me have some breakfast. I can pay for it, I suppose, unless you have taken all I had in my pockets."

"There, you see you are getting violent again, my dear brother," said Sheldrake. "You must be kept down till you have been depleted—that is the term, is it not, doctor?"

"Yes, yes," said Mewburn, with a cackling, harsh laugh, "depleted; yes, he must be bled."

"A man who has lost all governance of himself," continued Sheldrake; "who nearly killed the beautiful girl, Judith Nesbitt, whom he wanted to marry."

"You dog! said Range, grinding his teeth. "So that is it, is it? You are my brother, and this is the doctor, and you are keeping me here in restraint, eh? Is John Pannell here, I say?"

"Your brother John is here, poor fellow, with his wife," continued Sheldrake, with a bland smile.

"Well, it's a clever bit of business," said Range, quietly. "Give me some breakfast, and undo these things."

"No, my dear friend, no," said Mewburn, gently; "not yet, not yet. Wait a little, and we shall see."

"Where have you brought me?" said Range, suddenly.

"Doctor," said Sheldrake, smiling, "you really must give him a sedative. The poor fellow is wandering again. He wants to see your cards and mine. Now is it likely a sane man would ask such a thing? There, we'll send him some breakfast. He'll soon come round, eh?"

"Yes decidedly, decidedly," said Mewburn; and he rose to walk towards the door.

"Look here," said Range, "are you going to unfasten these things?"

"Not to-day, my dear sir, not to-day. Have a little patience; get a little better, and you shall be quite free."

Range glanced from one to the other, but did not speak, and Sheldrake, after passing his finger round the inside of his stiff-edged cravat as if it were rather irksome to him, and smoothing down his silk vest, seemed to be thinking.

"Where's my watch?" said Range suddenly.

"Taken care of my dear boy, and your pocketbook as well," said Sheldrake. "Don't be uneasy about them. We are not men who deal in trifles."

He accompanied this with a meaning look, and Range frowned and drew a hard breath.

But he knew it was of no avail to struggle or call for help. He felt that if he was to checkmate these men, it must be as he had before thought, by meeting cunning with cunning, and he lay perfectly still, while, making a sign to Mewburn, Sheldrake walked out of the room.

They closed and locked the door, and as soon as he was alone a convulsive spasm ran through Range; his face grew distorted and purple with the blood that flushed to his temples, and he shook the bed with the insane effort he made to get free.

The struggle only lasted a few moments. It was the animal usurping away over the mental power of the man.

Then reason took the reins once more, and he lay perfectly still, with his face resuming its former tint, only his nether lip quivering with emotion.

"Hah!" he ejaculated, "that won't do. I must be cool. Things might have been worse. It is only a fight for my money. It might have been that they had dragged me off just when I was happy with Judith. As it is, I am better here. I was going away. If I had been happy with her, all this would have driven me mad."

The strong bedstead gave a loud crack as Range started again, his last word having frightened him by its terrible import, as he realised by the stillness that this was some out-of-the-way house, far from help.

"Why," he exclaimed, "they will pretend that I am mad!"

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### ANOTHER LADY ON THE SCENE.

RANGE lay panting for some minutes, mastering himself, and at last growing quite cool.

"Let them pretend," he said; "they shall find that they will not drive me mad. Here they come again."

There were the footsteps once more; the door was unlocked, and Sheldrake held it open as Mewburn, big John Pannell, who looked a perfect Goliath by his side, and a stupid-looking, very slatternly maid, entered the room.

The girl was of the bun-faced, fleshy-nosed type, with small round, wondering eyes, and a weak mouth, with weak springs at the angles of the jaws which never held it closely shut. It is impossible, of course, to say what bonds she placed upon her figure; but be they what they might, they had no effect in producing graceful curves, for she was exceedingly straight up and down, and her washed-out print dress did not set her off to the best advantage.

Someone had said that a woman cannot be wholly plain: she is sure to have one redeeming feature.

It was so here, for Jane possessed a crop of magnificent wavy-brown hair that would have been a glory if well kept.

But it was not well kept, being roughly looped on one side much lower than upon the other. Over and upon her forehead there was a fuzz of little natural curls that a fashionable lady strives vainly to imitate, and wagging and banging about her nape and shoulders a loosely twisted-up knot that was in the habit of coming down and hanging nearly to her feet, while perched over all, very much awry, and held on by a single hairpin was a rather dirty scrap of lace.

Jane's aspect is described in detail for special reasons, as she stood holding, with her arms outspread, and its edge pressing very hard against her chest, a large wooden lunch tray covered with a fair, white napkin; and as she stood staring with wide-open eyes at Range, his attention was divided between her absurdly comical face and aspect, and the plentiful breakfast she bore.

"That will do, Jane," said Sheldrake, gently; "put the tray upon this table, there's a good girl. My brother is very little worse for his journey. Tha-a-ank you very much."

Jane bumped the tray down heavily upon the table. The girl drew it forward, staring at Range the while, and he frowned at her involuntarily as he saw that his supposed character had been already spread, for the girl approached shrinkingly, and as soon as she had arranged the tray, stepped quickly back.

"Brought everything, Jane—butter—salt—spoons? Yes. I see.

"Shall I have to wait for the tray, sir?" drawled the girl.

"Oh, dear, no, Jane," replied Sheldrake. "I dare say he will be some time over his breakfast. I will ring. Don't be afraid, Jane," he said, in a whisper loud enough for Range to hear, "he is very quiet. Only sometimes he is rather bad. Tha-a-ank you—that will do."

He backed the girl out of the room, waited till she passed through a door at the end of a passage, and then closed a baize door and the inner one.

"How are you, old fellow?" said Pannell, giving his great beard a stroke down, and then with both hands spreading it over his breast like a fan.

"You're in this blackguard affair then, John Pannell?" said Range, in reply.

"Yes, I'm in it, old fellow."

"That will do, Jack Pannell Range," said Sheldrake, meaningly. "Now look here, my dear Arthur, we are not going to starve you. We mean to feed you well, but you are our visitor, and you have to stay. We shall put up with no nonsense, for we are three to one, and your brother John here is as strong as two ordinary men. Now, you want your breakfast. If you will undertake to eat it quietly we will slip off that—that—well, that rather awkward nightgown, while you have your meal. Will you give your word?

"We are on two sides," said Range. "Of course you know what I mean to do."

"Escape, of course—if you can. But we have taken all precautions against that. If you did we have only to speak and you would be brought back. Now then, is it *parole d' honneur*?"

"No!"

"Just as you like, my dear boy. Untie one sleeve, Jack, and let him do the best he can. Pooh! undo both, and let him sit up."

John Pannell, who had a large brown meerschaum pipe in one hand, a great india-rubber tobacco pouch in the other, laid them down on the mantel-piece, and in a calm, serious manner unfastened first one sleeve and then the other of the straitwaistcoat, when, unable for the moment to resist the temptation, Range sprung up to a sitting position, but only awoke to the fact that he had a strong strap about his waist, and that it also was fastened to the side of the bedstead.

"Why, you look like a Pierrot at one of the carnivals on the Riviera, Range, old fellow," said Pannell, chuckling. "It is not a becoming dress."

Range felt a shudder run through him as he glanced down at the strong linen sleeves continued far beyond his hands, so that they could be tied to the sides of the bed, and a strong feeling of indignation made him ready to enter a protest; but he felt more than ever that he must be calm.

"Here," said Pannell, "slip your hand through that slit. That's the way," and he took out a knife, made a slit in the material, and held the sleeves while Range forced his fingers through.

"That's better," said Sheldrake, smiling, as he lifted the tray and placed it across Range's knees. "Now, my dear Arthur, you can go on with your breakfast while we talk to you. Jack can light his pipe; you will not mind, I'm sure."

Range felt that he should require all his self-control, and that food would help him by affording him strength, so, in a calm, matter-of-fact manner, he went on pouring out coffee and eating bread and fried bacon with fairly good appetite.

Sheldrake and Mewburn took chairs on either side of the bed, and Pannell seated himself on the broad window-sill, pulled up the sash, and proceeded to fill and light his pipe, and emit great puffs of smoke.

"Coffee all right?" said Sheldrake smiling.

Range glanced at him, and nodded.

"Well, now then, suppose we have a pleasant little chat," continued Sheldrake. "I presume you know why you are here?"

Range nodded.

"Ah! that's right, saves a lot of explanation," said Sheldrake. "We will not bother you now, but as soon as you are disposed to treat, and to amply make up to your two brothers here and your dear old friend the doctor for the unfair way in which you have inherited so much, we will settle it all easily with you and you can go."

"Thank you!" said Range, re-filling his coffee cup.

"Just to make you comfortable, and to let you see that it would be folly for you to rely upon any broken-reedy hopes of getting help from outside, I may as well tell you who and what you are."

"Your brother to begin with," said Range, coolly.

"Exactly. An unfortunate brother, for whom we are obliged to keep a private medical attendant—Doctor Parkins here."

He nodded towards Mewburn and smiled.

"We have taken this old-fashioned house which was once a private asylum for a couple of old gentlemen, which makes it the more convenient and suitable for our purpose. It is retired, surrounded by a high brick wall, and has its own particular character. In your name, you understand?"

Range nodded.

"Yours is a peculiar case that we hope to cure in time—an unhappy attachment for a young lady."

Range winced slightly, and a flash of triumph darted from Sheldrake's eyes.

"This young lady refused you, for you professed to her that you were immensely rich."

Range's brow contracted, and he ceased eating.

"This idea of being immensely rich, my dear brother Arthur, is the form your mania has assumed, and we shall take care that this is well known, lest you should be attempting to tamper with servants or people outside with absurd promises of enormous rewards if they help you to escape."

The ingenuity of the idea made Range wince again.

"That will all fit with the relation of your story that you are confined here by scoundrels who are trying to get your money away. Do you see? When you speak to people—if you ever get a chance—it will be such a thorough madman's tale that you are enormously wealthy, and ready to give any amount away if you are freed from the men who have kidnapped you and shut you up. There, I thought it just as well to make you *au courant* with your position, my dear boy. Meantime, till some good substantial proposal comes from you, this pleasant, healthy place is your home, and you will dwell in peace and security here with your brother the clergyman; your brother the athlete, who is fond of gardening; his fair wife; and our good friend here, Doctor Parkins, who will make notes of your case day by day."

"A clever, daring plan, Mr. Sheldrake."

"Reverend Frank Range, at your service, brother."

"And boldly conceived and carried out," said Range, coolly. "You deserve a few dollars for your ingenuity, but you will not get them out of me."

"Not to-day, perhaps," said Sheldrake, smiling. "We are in no hurry. You can begin to trust when it suits you. Take your time, my dear fellow. Above all things, try and get well as soon as you possibly can. Will you have any more breakfast?

For answer Range thrust away the tray.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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LOVE IN MID-AIR.—I saw a beautiful sight in the meadows the other morning, says a correspondent, one of the very few bright, genial days that this cold spring has vouchsafed us. I was strolling about, armed with a gun in case anything rare appeared, but doing most of my shooting with my eyes, which are a naturalist's most effective weapons, when I saw two marsh hawks coming up the valley, joyously breasting the quiet wind which blew from the northward. One was a mulberry slaty blue color, which garb among this species is confined to the older males, and the other was of rich chocolate, black and red, with markings of white about the tail, a decorous and beautiful female. Lovers they evidently were, perhaps enjoying their honeymoon, or maybe just preparing for it, and full of the rapture which comes both to birds and men during that rose-colored period. At any rate, the male was full of gallantry, and his mate full of responsiveness, and their amiable courting in mid-air was the most delightful thing to witness that my fifteen years of study of bird life has shown me.

The male would rise high in the air above the female, sweeping in broad and graceful circles, with quick flirting of his tail, as speaking as the opening and shutting of a Spanish woman's fan, and then, with closed wings, falling like a bolt through the air below her, and raising again beside her with a long and waving motion. The female meanwhile evaded and pursued him and both full of play. Then the female would speed away like lightning, with the male in hot pursuit and loud in his querulous and musical screaming; and then they would come together and fly side by side, rising and falling, flying straightforward and sidewise like a schoolboy's kite, and indulging in a hundred graceful evolutions which are as indescribable as they were beautiful. They flew close by me as I lay on the grass in a little hollow. Such scenes seem to me to bring the lives of men and animals into very close relationship.

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FORBEAR to judge, for we are sinners all

"CASTLES IN THE AIR."

BY J. CHAMBERS.

Who in his childhood does not raise
A fabric bright and fair?
Who has not in his early days
Built castles in the air?

Ah me, 'tis many years since I,
A joyous, careless thing,
Amid the fragrant flowers did lie
One balmy day in spring;

And, as fair Fancy floated by,
Her shadowy form I caught,
And reared my rainbow structure high
Amid the realms of thought!

Now often from ambition's height
I look upon the past,
Upon that road of cloudless light
Soon by the world o'ercast;

And, though the eye that once was bright
Has now grown dim with care,
I still look back with strange delight
On "Castles in the Air!"

# A GIRL'S FOLLY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

## CHAPTER XII.—[CONTINUED.]

MRS. BISHOP was out, and Mrs. Meredith, after a few warm words of congratulation — she privately thought Miss Daly the luckiest girl in the world—soon left them alone.

They clasped hands in silence, looking at one another in wistful inquiry, each noting with a sense of recent alienation, which made the fact accountable, some change in the face of the other.

"Well, Lucy."

"Well, Marguerite."

This was all that either said for some minutes.

"Come and sit down beside me," said Miss Daly at last, her expression becoming suddenly compassionate. "You look weak and worn, my poor darling; what made you so ill?"

Lucy shook her head, and pressed her nether lip to conceal the betraying quiver of her mouth; the question touched very painful thoughts; she could not answer them.

"I see how it is," continued Marguerite gently. "You are overdone—Raeburn is always there. They do not understand, the friends who are supposed to take care of us, what we girls suffer from their over-zeal. We are often terribly alone inwardly. I have known what that is of late."

"But you will know it no more," said Lucy through her tears.

Miss Daly suddenly rose, and walked away a few steps as if under an uncontrollable impulse, and a low exclamation, the words of which were inaudible, came from her lips. Then she turned and faced Lucy with a look which was almost defiant: "You think I am happy," she said.

"Yes," said Lucy, while a thrill of painful wonder passed through her mind. "Have you not all you wished to make you happy?"

She had risen too, and they stood facing each other.

"I did not wish for the bad place," said Marguerite, with slow deliberation.

"O Marguerite!"

"Has that shocked you? Why did you come here to-day to make my avoidance of you vain? I wanted to spare you—and myself. I have been the curse of your life, too: I have brought sadness into it. I am the curse of every one."

"Dear Marguerite, what has unhinged you?" said Lucy, tenderly twinging her arms round her. "Tell me what ails you? You trusted me before, trust me now."

"And you will turn my enemy and counsel me with hard advice! I tell you I will not take it!" she exclaimed, thrusting Lucy away from her. "I will not give him up!"

"Are you mad, Marguerite?" said Lucy, agitated by these strange words, and the sudden repulse which she had received. "There is no question of giving him up now."

Miss Daly smiled with strange mastery over the excited feeling she had displayed. "Listen," she said, speaking in a steady intent tone: "I am engaged to Irving-Wood."

Lucy turned paler even than she was; a mist veiled her eyes and she said automatically: "You—are engaged to—Captain Danvers."

"I am engaged to both," was the clear unfaltering reply.

Then Lucy's hand went up to her forehead, and groped there as if she sought the light which faded from her, and in an instant she had dropped into a chair deadly white and trembling.

"Surely I was dreaming," she remarked, as her consciousness fully returned, and she found Marguerite kneeling beside her, uttering the tenderest words of endearment. "It is not true what you said: tell me it is not true."

"Hush! we will not talk of it."

"I am better now. I am well."

"You are better, but talking will make you ill."

"No," said Lucy resolutely, "silence will make me ill. Say again what you said, or unsay it. Tell me more that I may understand what you mean."

"Is not what I have told you enough?" answered Marguerite bitterly. "Why ask me to go over details that are painful to me?"

"Having told me so much, you are bound to explain yourself further. Incalculable mischief has already been done because of my ignorance of your strange conduct."

"What mischief?"

"Pray go on," said Miss Henniker with an impatient gesture, and ignoring this question.

"Do not be too angry, Lucy. It has been no wilful folly this time, but the cruel finger of Fate. I could not tell Captain Danvers would forgive me; and—I promised to marry Irving-Wood."

"It has been folly. I told you to be patient—to wait. I entreated you to be on your guard against Irving-Wood."

"He was the only bright spot in my life after your brother came up, and I saw so little of you. You know what I suffered from the loss of him; what I had to endure from Fred and Kate. If Captain Danvers had taken the news of my engagement differently, if he had answered the note which I sent him after his interview with Kate, if his face had not shown such coldness and contempt that morning I met him—O, it was too much what I had to bear!"

Miss Daly paused, overcome, her breast heaved, and she covered her face with her hands.

"You could hardly hope to diminish your trial by the step you took," said Lucy very quietly.

"You forget," said Marguerite, raising her head, and quickly removing the traces of tears from her face, "that in Irving-Wood's society I found some peace from my torments. I forgot myself. He sang to me; he amused me. He was patient with my fits of wild spirits and despondency. Even Fred liked him. He and Kate think he has the qualities to control such a wife as they imagine I should make. If I refused him what had I to look forward to? Love was lost to me, only marriage remained."

"So you accepted him," said Lucy in a final tone, in which there was an unconscious touch of disdain. "After your recent experience I should not have thought it possible."

"I accepted him, making it a condition that no one should know of the engagement for three months except my brother and sister. Everything went smoothly till Captain Danvers came back. Then came the moment when, standing here where I never expected to see him again, tenderly, irresistibly, with the most beautiful dignity of manner, he asked me to let the past be forgotten, and to make my future his. Can you blame me that I concealed that fatal promise?—I who could have laid my very soul at his feet!"

"Did you not tell him all?" said Lucy in a stricken tone.

"Tell him I must break my word to that man before I could accept his noble offer? Tell him that as a climax to what he already knew of my misdeeds? Hurl myself down from the place in his heart which I had barely regained? Ah, no, not likely. I could see he half doubted me when he came though his love overmastered his suspicion. What would these half-strangled feelings become if I had told him all? How you stare at me, Lucy; but I am not insane. I am not the heroine of a novel to carry self-sacrifice so far. I am an ordinary woman who prefers happiness to despair. So I laid my head on his breast and sobbed. I said, "I have sinned, I have suffered; but through all my sorrow and mistakes I have loved you dearly—ask me nothing more."

"Then he kissed my brow as if I had been a princess who deserved his reverence, instead of the unworthy creature I am, and answered gently "I am quite content."

"And Mr. Irving-Wood,"

"Knows nothing yet. He went to Dehra the very day Danvers arrived. The terror of him is driving me mad. Every day he writes to me, and I am sick with fear. Yet I must bear myself so that no suspicion be roused."

"Have you thought what the end of all this will be?" asked Lucy sadly.

"Irving-Wood must release me as soon as he returns, and keep the fact that I have asked him to do so from my brother and sister for a time. I think—I hope—he will have the generosity to grant me my freedom without appeal to them, or public display of his indignation. If he denounce me, all is over."

There was a long silence. At length Miss Daly said wearily, "I have forfeited your respect; I knew it would be so. You will not love me any more."

"You have placed yourself in a dreadful position," answered Lucy, as if she had not heard the last remark. "You are false to both; you are practicing a cruel deception; but there is one thing you can still do to mend the wrong—which you have done—send for Captain Danvers and tell him the truth."

"That means that I am to give him up. I cannot do it. I will not."

"If I could only persuade you that it is best to do right at whatever cost."

"Right? O heavens! Is it right to throw away my one hope of salvation, and go straight to perdition?"

"Hush!" said Lucy, putting up her hand with a reproving gesture. "This is terrible folly, Marguerite. Do you think that Captain Danvers will not be able to appreciate the humiliation that such a confession will cause you? Do you think he will not make allowance for your temptation? He is not hard-hearted, he is gentle and generous; he will forgive you."

"At the cost of his respect for me? Do you think I have no pride?—that I could hold him to his promise on such terms?"

"O Marguerite take my advice, I entreat you. Remember the result of your former folly."

"No, Lucy; I cannot go to Captain Danvers with such a tale. I have seen that in him which makes me sure he would utterly scorn me."

"Think what his scorn will be if he discover your deceit."

"You are intolerable," exclaimed Miss Daly, starting to her feet, while an angry flush passed over the warm paleness of her face. "He need never know. He shall not know. I have power over Irving-Wood. I will make him keep silence. My God!" she cried passionately, "is the happiness of my life to be destroyed because of a miserable mistake like this? You care nothing for my suffering, only for your narrow little code of morals. Will you betray me?" she said with a sudden change of tone, and a light in her eye that was almost fierce, but as her agitated glance fell on Lucy's worn face she threw herself in remorse on her knees beside her. "Forgive me, dearest, I have pained you. I did not mean what I said, my true, patient Lucy."

"I will get ready for Mrs. Meredith now," said Lucy gently, and rising as she spoke. "She has been gone more than an hour. I expect her every moment."

Marguerite brought her wraps and lovingly assisted her to put them on. "Have you no word of kindness for me?" she whispered as she kissed her. "No word of encouragement and hope? Say "God speed" before we part, Lucy."

"I cannot," answered Lucy brokenly. "If you succeed, how can I be glad? He is my best friend, and you will have deceived him. No; I cannot say it."

"So be it," said Marguerite proudly; and thus they parted.

## CHAPTER XIII.

CAPTAIN DANVERS and his friend Harold Spencer had arranged to go for a day's shooting with Colonel Rousel below the Mussoorie hills; and it so happened that the date fixed for this expedition was the day following the interview between Miss Daly and Lucy, recorded in the last chapter. It was proposed they should start at dawn, or before it, so as to ensure a chance of using their rifles at large game; but to this Danvers demurred, as he wished first to have his usual morning ride with Marguerite, and after some fuming on the part of the Colonel a compromise was made by which it was agreed that he and Spencer were to await the half-hearted sportsman, as they chose on this occasion to call him, at a bungalow half way down the hill; while Danvers, on his part, undertook to be with them punctually at a certain hour.

When the two officers arrived at the bungalow they found it already occupied by Irving-Wood, who had been belated the preceding night in the pursuit of a panther which his shikaree had tracked to a spot contiguous to the Mussoorie road. He had slept at the bungalow and resumed the search at daybreak without success, and was philosophically playing a merry air on the banjo while his servant prepared his coffee when these fresh arrivals appeared. They were just the men to sympathise fully over his unrequited efforts, and Irving-Wood at once launched into an account of his hopes and disappointments about the panther, which evoked an impatient outburst from the Colonel for having to wait for Danvers when such splendid prey was in the neighborhood. Danvers? Was he of the party—and late? Irving-Wood metaphorically pricked up his ears and paused, not without anxiety, for the explanation of this unaccountable fact in connection with so renowned a sportsman. He was dallying away the morning in attendance on ladies, bewitched by Miss Daly, in short, Colonel Rousel irately asserted, and immediately suggested (for the temptation was too much for his good faith) that he should go on without him rather than miss the opportunity of accompanying Irving-Wood, and benefiting by the knowledge which he had gained of the brute's movements. Spencer would no doubt be self-sacrificing enough to wait for his friend. In reply to this, Mr. Irving-Wood indulged in a low musing whistle, and, greatly to the Colonel's discomfiture, announced his intention of returning there and then to Mussoorie; and, suiting the action the word, he mounted his pony at once and rode off up hill at as brisk a pace as the nature of the ground would permit. His reason for this sudden resolve was a desire to resume his influence over Marguerite without delay, and to make an important communication to Danvers concerning her. This was no other than to announce the fact that she was engaged to himself. Marguerite was the one passion of Irving-Wood's life, and he feared no rival but Captain Danvers. He had seen from the first that she preferred him to others, and that this was no more a passing fancy in her case than the increasing fascination which she exercised over himself was comparable to the evanescent sway which the charms of other women had imposed on the surface susceptibility of his nature at former periods of his life. He had watched and waited, biding his time, and had never been more cheerful as to his prospects than when her engagement to Riley took place. Riley saved him from Danvers, otherwise Danvers would certainly have been fatal to him. This one stroke of fortune in his favor all happened as he foresaw. Reginald Danvers went off in disgust, and by and by the highly-eligible suitor was dismissed. Then was the field clear, and Marguerite discontented and in disgrace with her sister and brother-in-law. He played his game with tact and won; but he was not so blindly elated as to be unaware that under the circumstances the hold of such a one as himself on a creature like Marguerite was precarious, and, while agreeing to humor her in keeping the engagement quiet, he fully resolved that the marriage should take place after the lapse of a few weeks. Three months! he laughed at the thought when there was every chance she might meet the man whom she secretly loved at Simoo long before that time was over. Now Danvers was actually here—returned to Mussoorie when it was known he had no intention of doing so—returned and already renewing his attentions to Marguerite! He saw his danger at once, and with the quickness which characterised him, saw also the safest and surest remedy. Irving-Wood knew his rival was the soul of honor—would die sooner than basely try to win a woman from the allegiance she owed to another. Therefore he went whistling up the hill well pleased with himself for the brilliant idea he had conceived.

Meantime Danvers was having an unusually pleasant ride with Marguerite. She had kept him waiting for her this morning a considerable time; a detention which, under the circumstances, might have given rise to impatience and ill-humor in a nature less sweet-tempered and reasonable. Even Danvers had felt a momentary annoyance, for either he must shorten his ride with her or be unpunctual to his appointment. But he remembered that she had seemed weary and distraite the day before, and the slight cloud of vexation on his brow instantly vanished in anxiety as to her health and in inward questioning whether he himself had been wanting in any consideration necessary to her happiness. At last she appeared, looking brighter than he had seen her for many days. She had overslept in the morning, after a sleepless night, and behaved with much penitent grace in making her apology. There was a touch of the old gaiety about her he noticed with delight, just enough to make her softly charming without jarring in the least with that more dignified and subdued character which she had shown of late. And so their intercourse was easier and more touched by the happy freedom of lovers than it had been for several days. The fact was Marguerite had taken a resolve. Lucy's distress and reluctantly-shown alienation brought her vainly hushed pangs of conscience to a climax. She felt goaded into a determination to end her difficulty, and the only way in which she could bring herself to do so was by sending for Irving-Wood. Fortunately, Danvers' absence for the day would make this easy, and before starting for her ride she hastily wrote out a telegram which she intended to despatch to him as soon as her lover had fairly departed. The thought that at the close of the day she should be able to welcome Danvers back with a lightened heart and a clearer conscience was the cause of the livelier spirits which so pleased him. She felt sure of succeeding with Irving-Wood, though not without having much to bear in the interview; then she glanced at the lover who rode beside her, noting with pride his manly beauty, thinking with gratitude of his great patience with her unworthiness, and vowed with a thrill of passionate feeling that never, never, should any folly induce her to imperil her right to his love again. And at this moment, just round the shoulder of the hill which caused a sharp bend in the road, she saw, with a miserable shock of fear, him whom she was on the point of summoning to meet her later in the day—Irving-Wood. It was impossible to mistake that easy jaunty air, the neat small figure, and the steady well-trained trot of his handsome hill-pony.

"As a favor to me," said Danvers, also recognizing the approaching rider, "pass Mr. Irving-Wood with the slightest notice courtesy will allow. I know he is an intimate acquaintance of yours, but I have good reasons for disapproving of his conduct. I should consider him, dearest, a very undesirable acquaintance for my wife."

Marguerite was too sick at heart to reply, and Danvers, thinking she resented his interference, maintained a somewhat displeased silence.

Irving-Wood was at no loss what course to pursue the moment he descried whom he was about to meet. Marguerite, it seemed, was enjoying herself in his absence, and he did not doubt, as he looked at them together, that she had begun to play him false; but he inwardly swore that he should not be treated like Riley. By gracious, no! He was not to be dismissed like a whipped dog, that she might be free to marry this handsome blue-blooded puppy, with his confounded airs. Irving-Wood knew enough of Danvers' character to be sure that it was for no light reason he was thus in devoted attendance on Miss Daly, while impatient friends were being detained and good sport slipping away with the morning hours. And he relished the idea that in making his rights secure, by announcing his relationship to Marguerite, he should also be revenged at last for that high-handed interference with his pleasure the night he escorted Lucy Henniker home. Well satisfied, therefore, with the prospect before him, he spurred his pony forward until he drew rein immediately in front of the riders with an air of half-insolent triumph which made Danvers frown as he coldly returned his greeting. Much to his annoyance, Danvers had been obliged to check his horse, in compliance with Marguerite's slackened speed, and the obstruction which Irving-Wood purposely offered by coming to a standstill in the middle of the narrow road; but now that he had acknowledged the new-comer's salutation in a manner sufficiently marked to

show that he desired no further interchange of courtesies, he rode on expecting his companion to follow. Before it was possible for her, however, to make up the short space between them, Irving-Wood wheeled his pony round and took the place beside her which had been momentarily vacated. Danvers was amazed at his impudence; he too turned his horse and addressed Miss Daly in a tone which was slightly authoritative. He could not understand why she did not show more readiness to cooperate with him in shaking off the intruder politely.

"We must ride on," he said; "I am already late for my engagement."

Irving-Wood, in his turn, was surprised that Danvers should speak with so unguarded an accent to the girl whose favor he imagined him trying to win; but he set it down to a momentary irritation caused by the dislike and jealousy with which he himself inspired his rival.

"My tattoo is somewhat tired," he said, looking in jaunty familiarity at Marguerite. "You and I may as well take it easy. I have a great deal to say to you."

This was more than Danvers could bear; and his indignation was not lessened by seeing Marguerite turn pale, as he supposed, with annoyance at the man's presumption.

"I am sorry we must decline the honor of your society," he said, in a tone of grave displeasure. "Miss Daly is not at leisure this morning."

"Indeed!" said Irving-Wood, his complacency vanishing instantly. "May I ask what right you have to speak for Miss Daly?

"Pray ride on," said Danvers, ignoring this question, and speaking calmly to Marguerite. He did not wish to have a scene in her presence; and other people were coming up behind, among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Bishop.

"I really cannot wait now," said Marguerite, in a nervous apologetic voice. "I shall see you later in the day; you will call, you—you—"

"Excuse me," was the cool reply; and Irving-Wood laid his hand restrainingly on her bridle. "You shall go as fast as you please, and where you please, but not with Captain Danvers. I myself will be your escort, Marguerite."

Marguerite! Great heaven! Was Danvers dreaming? Marguerite!

The rare color crimsoned Miss Daly's face, then faded, leaving cheek and lip of ashen pallor. Under the drooping lids of her beautiful eyes a fierce light burned; she flung Irving-Wood's hand aside as though it had been a viper; and, with a passionate gesture to Danvers, she said, in a hurried gasp, "Come—quickly away. O, come, for the love of God—at once!"

Danvers gazed at her for a second in silence, and she saw iron lines of coldness and disdain harden the sweet expression of his mouth as he answered, with strange quietness, "It is too late now. I require first an explanation from Mr. Irving-Wood."

"No, no!" implored Marguerite, looking in frantic despair from one to the other, and seeing a resolve fatal to her in the eyes of both. "Not now, not now! Talk to him another time."

"What have you to say to me, sir?" inquired Irving-Wood in a menacing tone. He was thoroughly alarmed at Danvers' persistence, and the contempt with which Marguerite had shaken off his touch made him furious.

"Did you, or did you not, take the liberty of addressing this lady by her Christian name?"

"What the deuce is it to you how I address her? Who are you that you should venture to interfere with me a second time?"

"It is this to me, and I have this right to interfere," said Danvers, speaking with the terrible calmness of suppressed anger, "that Miss Daly is my affianced wife." He felt that the time for concealment was past; the occasion required this revelation.

"Your affianced wife! You mean lying dog!" exclaimed Irving-Wood altogether beside himself; "sneaking round in my absence, and trying to win the favor of the girl who is betrothed to me! You shall answer for this insult to-morrow!"

"I shall certainly demand speedy satisfaction from you, sir, for the epithets which you have dared to apply to me."

Marguerite gave a low cry, as if she were stricken to the heart; but Danvers made no motion to soothe her. It was indeed with a stern eye and in stern tones that he put the question.

"Is this true? Have I, then, been mocked again? Or does he dare to accuse you falsely of deceit? Answer me; and if he has by Heaven—"

Marguerite was in a frame of mind impossible to describe. A lie of the blackest dye would have cost her no hesitation to tell, if it could have rescued her from the anguish of being scorned and forsaken; but no falsehood, however cunning, could extricate her at the moment, confronted as she was by both the men whom she had deceived. In the impotence of her despair there arose within her a fury against Irving-Wood, whose presence and insolent disregard of her wishes had ruthlessly blighted the chance on which her all was staked. She had no answer to give to that demand of Danvers, uttered in his just anger, except a wild outburst of "I hate him!" followed by a piteous entreaty.

"Take—take me away with you; take me away, that I may never see him again!"

"Why do you not deny our engagement?" put in Irving-Wood tauntingly, "which I say took place ten days at least before this last most creditable disposal of yourself, in which I am asked to believe."

"Marguerite, is it true—this that he says?" asked Danvers in a softened tone, feeling keenly shocked at what the girl was suffering between them.

"It is true," she said, raising her head, which had drooped in shame, and meeting his look for a moment with a glance of mingled hope and pain.

Danvers's eyes continued to rest on her. There was no longer any anger in his face, nothing but profound pathetic sorrow.

"Let me pass," she said proudly, for the delicate intuition of love enabled her to read his expression aright. "You can have nothing more to ask me now."

"No," said Danvers sadly, "I have nothing more to say;" then in a low voice of farewell as she passed him, "Good-bye."

In vain he strained his ear for one word of response, one soft repentant adieu, that might illuminate with tender feelings the shadows of memory in future years. But this small consolation was denied him, and in silence, with a breaking heart, she rode away, followed by Irving-Wood; and so out of his life for ever.

## CHAPTER XIV.

AND Lucy? Yes, of her something more must be written, some few explanatory words to finally close the tale.

Poor Lucy had been almost prostrated by Marguerite's account of herself, and while her two friends were having their painful parting scene, she too was going through much mental suffering in the solitude of her own room. O, the mischief she had done by encouraging Danvers to put faith in Marguerite! O, the treachery of the friend whom she had learned to love! and, alas the secret sorrow of her own life. Everything seemed hopelessly wrong.

How often it happens with all of us when a black day comes, and we think our cup of trouble will hold no more, that some additional worry is thrown in to make it overflow—some trial that might well have waited till another time. This was Lucy's experience now; for on that momentous day George Raeburn made the proposal she had long dreaded, and thus the distress she suffered from other causes was greatly deepened, because she had no response to offer from her heart to his pleading.

As yet she knew nothing of the retribution that had fallen on Marguerite, of the fact that Danvers was once more free; but the apparent hopelessness of her future did not alter her steadfast purpose to be honest and true. Few girls in her circumstances would have found it possible to refuse so tempting an offer; to the pureness of her mind, however, such strength was given, even though it grieved her much, to send away in pain and disappointment one whom she highly esteemed.

Mrs. Meredith was soon aware of Raeburn's dismissal, and mightily offended thereby; notwithstanding every symptom to the contrary, she had continued to indulge in the illusion that Lucy would never find courage to behave so badly as to decline a fate which most young ladies would have envied. Thinking that the girl might be brought to reason by reminding her of the poverty of her family, and the unwisdom of throwing away this excellent chance of a secure position for herself, she urged Lucy to accept him on the ground of expediency, and almost succeeded in inducing the unhappy rebel to yield, so moving a picture did this clever matchmaker draw of the poor girl's sins against her brother and her family.

But in an evil moment for Mrs. Meredith's cause, a half-sarcastic allusion was made to Danvers, as the hero of Lucy's secret regard, the real obstacle that prevented a rational acceptance of the good fortune offered to her. The thought of Danvers restored the momentarily loopardized balance of Lucy's judgment. It became clear at once that she must not tamper with her peace as Marguerite had done, nor deal unworthily with him who had laid his best at her feet.

"No, Mrs. Meredith," she answered, uplifting her clear truthful eyes to her friend's face, "Mr. Raeburn does not deserve such treatment at my hands. He is not so mean as to wish me to marry him unless I love him;—and, do you think I can make my life a long pretence?"

"You will be an old maid," said Mrs. Meredith bitterly, "and all for the sake of a proud aristocrat who would think a marriage with you a *mesalliance*."

Mrs. Meredith was proving herself to have an elastic conscience in Lucy's affairs. She had small hesitation in representing Danvers as altogether different from her real opinion of him, if by so doing she could promote what she conceived to be her young friend's welfare. Lucy, however, was tired of allusions that touched on her most private feelings, and perhaps resented still more on Danvers' account their uncomplimentary nature.

"If you mean Captain Danvers," she said, very pale, but speaking steadily, "he would be quite justified in so thinking; no one is more conscious than I am how immeasurably he is above me." Then she paused, and added slowly, "I must ask you never to speak of me in connection with Captain Danvers again."

This unlooked-for independence of speech was naturally not agreeable to the Judge's wife; it caused a coolness between them for a time; but the breach was soon healed.

They were too sincerely attached to be easily divided. Indeed, when the good lady's annoyance had blown over, she thought more highly of her favorite than ever, and her consequently increased goodwill towards her was cordially shared by Mr. Meredith and the Rousels, who were almost as proud of Lucy's high-minded refusal of a good match as if they were of their own kith and kin. This was all very well, and no harm so far had come of Mrs. Meredith's interference; but mischief had been done in another direction. Her unguarded reference to the disparity of rank between Lucy and the friend she held most dear raised barriers in the girl's mind which well-nigh spoiled the lives of both.

Danvers and she did not meet again in India. Before the Merediths returned to Gurmiabad that cold weather he and his regiment marched for Umballa. There was a card of his awaiting her, with a few words in pencil: "I am sorry to leave without saying good-bye; but I intend to come back for Christmas, when I shall hope to see you." The precious card was hidden away among Lucy's treasures, to be looked at at rare intervals, and cried over; yet when Christmas came she urged her brother to stay out in camp, and remained with him. Mrs. Meredith wrote and entreated in vain. Hal had work to do, Lucy said, and for her own part she preferred to spend the first Christmas after her father's death in perfect quiet. So Danvers went back to Umballa, disappointed and somewhat mortified. Mrs. Meredith was unspeakably provoked at what she considered the girl's perversity, could not refrain from dropping hints, which made him suspect that Lucy had avoided him on purpose, which, thanks to Mrs. Meredith, really was the case. Once again he came to Gurmiabad, and Lucy had found it convenient about the time he was expected to go off to Agra to visit the Rousels, and see the glories of the Taj Mehal. Naturally, he was discouraged by this second failure, and made no further attempt to see her, though he cherished a warmer interest in her than after these disappointments he cared to admit to himself. This interest was hardly diminished by the accounts which reached him from time to time of her sweet unselfish character and her winning beauty. Three years passed away, and Henry Henniker fell so ill that he was obliged to go home on sick leave. Lucy went with him; and the first passenger her eyes lighted on, as she stepped on board the steamer at Bombay, was Captain Danvers. How strange this seemed after these parted years! He recognised her with undisguised delight, feeling that Fate had been kind to him at last—there was no possibility of her running away now.

She had changed greatly, but the change was all in her favor. From a diffident—almost awkward, girl, she had altered into a self-possessed and lovely woman. On her part she soon discovered Danvers to be all that her girlish fancy had believed. What wonder, that before the voyage was at an end she won the happiness which her faithfulness deserved.

One day, shortly after their engagement, they spoke of Marguerite. Danvers was natutally anxious to know what had become of her, for soon after that fatal morning he heard that she had left the shelter of her brother-in-law's house, and accepted an asylum under the roof of the woman who passed as Mrs. Jervis. Spencer, who, with his usual anxious friendship, made it his business to hear of her movements, wrote to him later on that she had sailed for England with the same companion. All this was painful to Danvers, who was too generous not to feel sorrowful over the disaster that folly had wrought in that bright young life; too tender-hearted not to wish occasionally that he had sacrificed himself to save her. Now Lucy was able to tell him that Marguerite had lately written to her. The news about Marguerite was indeed sure rising. She had joined an Anglican Sisterhood, she and Mrs. Jervis, whom she had succeeded in weaning from her unhappy life.

"Marguerite has found peace at last," said Lucy, tears showing in her eyes, "in striving to raise the degraded, and helping the miserable to take courage. She had it in her mind to devote herself to this years ago. I always felt she would become noble at last." Then she added timidly, "Do you not love her still, Reginald?"

"Dearest, do not doubt me," was his instant answer. "Her own frivolity did not allow my love for her to go beyond a passing ferment. I think, I believe, it never could have claimed the entire devotion of my life. My whole nature sanctions my love for you; there is the true rest of perfect trust in it. After what I have suffered, I thanked God for this two days ago when my long-cherished hope of winning you was realized at last."

[THE END.]

FIRE-LIGHTING MACHINE.—A patent issued to a St. Louis man for an automatic fire-lighting machine has been made the subject of investigation. This great boon for mankind might be taken, at first sight, for an infernal machine, but it isn't. It has clockwork that reminds one of a dynamite fiend, but it is not dangerous. When the thing goes off it startles the beholder with a fizz and a flash of flame suggestive of instant death; but it will not explode. It will have a depressing effect on the matrimonial market. The women of single blessedness will be more than thrice blessed by it. They need pine no longer for a handy, good-natured husband to light fires for them. The machine will do the work. All you have to do is to wind it up to make it go off at any hour you choose and then set the clock on the hearth. At the desired time a sulphur match is ignited at the end of a hollow brass tube, charged with chlorate of potassium and sugar, that flashes into a burning flame, setting fire to a ball of asbestos, saturated with turpentine, at the further end, readily lighting a coal fire.

# Scientific and Useful.

HOT MILK.—The use of hot milk is recommended as a restorative. Milk, when heated above 100° Fahr., loses its sweetness and destiny, but has a most beneficial influence over mind and body when exhausted by labor or mental strain. Its effects are said to be more invigorating and enduring than those of alcoholic stimulants.

BLASTING PAPER.—A new blasting-paper is made consisting of unsized or ordinary blotting-paper coated with a hot mixture of seventeen parts of yellow prussiate of potash, seventeen of charcoal, thirty-five of refined saltpetre, seventy of potassium chlorate, ten of wheat-starch, and one thousand five hundred of water. When it is dried, it is cut into strips, which are rolled into cartridges.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—There is nothing so safe and serviceable to clean carpets as bran slightly moistened—only very slightly—just sufficient to hold the particles together. In this case it is not necessary to stop and clean the broom every few minutes. Sweeping the carpet after the bran has been sprinkled over it not only cleans the carpet and gathers all the dirt into the bran, but keeps the broom clean at the same time.

OXYGEN.—*La Nature* prints a communication from some chemists, in which they state that they now have in operation an apparatus which produces 100 cubic metres of oxygen a day. The gas is made directly from atmospheric air, a desideratum long aimed at by chemists, and can be produced in large quantities at a low price. The applications of oxygen are likely to be very many. It is thought to be superior to carbonic acid gas for aerated beverages, is of great value in metallurgy, and has antiseptic properties.

A MACHINE GUN.—Maxim, whose name is well known in connection with the system of electric lighting introduced by him a few years ago, has invented a machine gun, lately exhibited in London, which gives some remarkable results. It has a single barrel only, which is protected from undue heating by a water jacket. The cartridges are suppplied to it in a continuous canvas belt, not unlike the belt carried by sportsmen. The recoil of the gun at each discharge is utilized in bringing forward the next cartridge, forcing it into position, cocking the hammers, and pulling the trigger, so that the gun when once set going is automatic. If its attendant were killed in action, the weapon would in fact go on firing its complement of cartridges until the last one was expended. The rate of discharge can be regulated from one a minute to the astonishing maximum of 600 per minute.

# Farm and Garden.

FOOD FOR STOCK.—Corn ground with the cob and mixed before grinding with oats or barley, makes a good food for nearly all classes of stock. The fact that the cob increases bulk with slight increase of nutriment makes the meal better for many uses. Pure corn meal is too concentrated, and grinding the cob with it gives greater bulk and prevents injury to stock.

POULTRY.—To produce the best laying hens requires two or more years. A common flock may be increased in size by crossing with Brahmas. The progeny should be crossed with Leghorns, which will give early maturity. The next cross may be with a Wyandotte or Plymouth Rock. If there is no objection to black plumage, the next cross should be with a Langshan.

SMALL PIGS.—Small pigs should not be allowed to make their beds on the manure pile. They are very apt to do this, and injure themselves by so doing. Pigs and hogs that are allowed to make their beds on manure piles and to lie in their own filth soon become scurvy, and affected with a dry, hacking cough. The only remedy is cleanliness and keeping the pigs off the manure.

THREE REASONS.—There are as many as three reasons why a sandy field is not a profitable one to cultivate. It does not contain a sufficient quantity of natural food for plants, and therefore it cannot sustain them. It is not capable of receiving those materials of gases which the atmosphere is always ready to furnish for the growth and support of plants. It admits of much loss of manure that may be applied, and in ways that have already been pointed out.

THE BEST.—The best milkers are not beef-fat, nor should they be burdened with superfluous flesh. And yet it is a mistake to suppose that their condition is a matter of no consequence. To see a herd of cows more than animated shadows is an indication of a poor dairyman. Dairy cows should be well fed with milk-producing food, with sufficient flesh-forming properties to maintain a high state of physical vigor. It is hardly the thing to have to lean a cow up against the fence to milk her.

LIME AND THE CROPS.—Every crop we grow upon our farms makes its demand for lime, and if our crops are to be produced in a luxuriant condition, and if we are to secure abundant produce there must be a sufficient supply existing in the soil in a condition ready for acting as plant food. For this purpose lime is quite ready after it has served all its other duties. It has then become changed into the original condition of carbonate, and hence it is that whether lime has been burnt or not, it is in both stages competent for this duty.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 21, 1885.



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### THE DISAGREEABLE.

We all know the people who are disagreeable: they are in every community, in every church, in many families. They are always uncomfortable themselves, and they inflict discomfort on everybody else. A really aggressive and well-developed specimen will overshadow a town like a Banyan tree, yielding, the whole year through, all manner of fruit bitter to the taste, and not to be digested without very serious injury.

These people supply an ample stock of friction; they bring out the latent possibilities of general unpleasantness in a locality; they sow seeds of discord not only in the fallow ground, but by the wayside, and are followed by abundant harvests of the kind that are sown with joy, but reaped with tears.

There are the doubters, for instance. What a wonderful power of creating obstacles they possess! Give them a perfectly clear field, and they will fill it in an incredibly short time with innumerable difficulties, hindrances, and discouragements. They go about like an unorganized fire brigade, extinguishing the fires of zeal and enthusiasm that occasionally get started in every community. A whole reservoir of cold water is always at their disposal, to pour itself on any new plan looking to the general improvement.

It is only a step from the doubters to the critics; a debater who gets a really good start, generally ends as a critic if the course of natural development is not arrested by some work of grace. The critic is a superior person, who lives for the benefit of his fellow men, and gives them from time to time the blessings of his larger wisdom and clearer intellect. He is far above the weakness of disliking to hurt people's feelings; it is a principle with him, and—alas! how often with her—to speak the truth whenever that somewhat rare form of utterance is particularly unpleasant.

There is a curious superstition among some semi-savage tribes that an adversary may be put out of the way by making an image of him and sticking it full of pins. The critic is a person who retains by some occult process of nature this tradition of his ancestry, and goes about sticking pins into people and enterprises with rather astonishing success in the way of producing pain.

Then there are the talkers; these form a large and important class in every community. They are not all gossips, for many of them have no malicious purpose; but they are endlessly discussing everything, and everybody, and they create the atmosphere in which all manner of myths and traditions grow by a sort of spontaneous generation. The talkers are omniscient and omnipresent; they know everthing, and they tell it everywhere. They are like the rivers of Damascus, which flow about every house; and, like the rain, they impart their news without discrimination to the just and the unjust.

### SANCTUM CHAT.

CONNECTICUT has before its Legislature a bill exempting from taxation house or pet dogs weighing less than twelve pounds, but a New Haven paper thinks that the canine nuisances are principally to be found in that very class, and urges that "if any dogs should escape taxation, let it be the noble animals who are good for something."

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THE latest electric light project is to illuminate the Atlantic Ocean from the banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Ireland. Ten vessels stationed two hundred miles apart, each riding at anchor, which permits the vessel to swing round with the tide, are to display the lights. These vessels are also to be connected together and to the shore by an electric cable, and thus be enabled to send messages to any part of the world.

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THE organized militia force of all the States of this country aggregates 91,200 men, while the unorganized militia numbers 6,580,506 men. The State having the largest is New York, with 11,086 and 503,480 respectively, and Pennsylvania second, with 8,380 and 459,332. The other States having over 2,000 organized and 200,000 unorganized are: Ohio, 5,843 and 440,000; Illinois, 4,807 and 440,000; Indiana, 2,315 and 339,045; Missouri, 3,049 and 310,000; Massachusetts, 4,212 and 264,531; Michigan, 2,085 and 250,000; New Jersey, 3,385 and 228,914; Texas, 2,000 and 228,000; and Iowa, 2,555 and 209,228.

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AN observing philosopher contradicts the prevailing theory that mental activity interferes with physical beauty. He says: "A handsome man, or woman either, who does nothing but live well or self indulgently, grows flabby, and all the fine lines of the features are lost; but the hard thinker has an admirable sculptor always at work keeping his fine lines in repair, and constantly going over his face to improve the original design.

—

AN order has been issued by the directors of the theatres in Germany, from the court forbidding them to produce any plays in which ancestors or collateral relations of the Prussian royal family are represented, without special permission. As "Hamlet" may, by the relationship existing between the Prussian princes and the house of Denmark, be deemed one of their ancestors, the play, it is presumed, among others, will have to be struck off the repertoire in the theatres of Germany.

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A RECENT writer explodes the theory that the human race is 50,000 years old, by showing that when the present population of the world, 1,400,000,000, is taken, the ratio of increase figured backwards therefrom, and the loss from pestilence and wars taken into account, it will readily be found that even the Genesis figure of 6,000 years is entirely beyond the correct age of the human family. Four thousand four hundred years he puts down as the more probable time when Adam first saw light in the Garden of Eden.

—

PHYSICIANS of prominence in several cities have been recently "interviewed" for their opinion on roller skating and its effects upon the health of those who indulge in it. There has seldom been a question upon which doctors disagree so cordially, some maintaining that the pastime is a healthy one, while others contended that it is almost suicidal. Many of the doctors conservatively stated that roller-skating, like dancing and similar forms of physical exercise, is not injurious if indulged in moderately and sensibly.

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ALTHOUGH three, four, five or six cents seems very little for the use of a dollar for a year, still it is surprising what a large sum it amounts to when left for a number of years, as in the case of a Connecticut man, who, in 1838, commenced making deposits in a savings bank. His total deposits from that time until 1885 amounted to $1,962.25. Between 1838 and 1858 he drew from the bank $1,270.70; and yet, a few days since, on having his bank book written up and balanced, he was found to have a balance on deposit of $11,273.38.

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IN Norway hotels cigars, cigarettes, stationery, seltzer water, wine and similar articles are placed accessible at all times, and when settling time comes the landlord takes the word of the guest as to how much of each he has eaten or drank. To lock a house door and remain inside is deemed simply absurd. At theatres and other public places wraps are left outside without being checked or even watched by an attendant, and the people are so honest that none are ever lost or stolen. Indeed, Norwegians are so honest that umbrellas even can be kept for weeks, and often months.

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IN nearly all the large capitals of the world there have sprung up during the past half dozen years agencies which furnish newspaper clippings at a specified price. The agency subscribes for a very large number of newspapers, and often in several languages, and provides to literary men, artists, actors and politicians all references made in the papers to them. Subscribers also file lists of subjects upon which they desire information, and in this way authors, compilers and others obtain a vast quantity of matter, carefully sorted and dealing with their subjects from thousands of standpoints.

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A CONSIDERABLE part of the American petroleum shipped to Europe is, after being deodorized, made into butter and suet, which are used by the poorer classes to some extent, but very largely by bakers in the large cities, who use it in making cake. The confectioners also employ it. It has a great advantage over butter in that in store cakes or candy the petroleum not only does not become rancid and betray the age of the article, but acts as a preservative in keeping the other ingredients of the cake or candy from spoiling. A recent hygienic council, sitting in Paris, protested against this use of our oil, but it is not thought its consumption in this way will be lessened.

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THE value of sleep to brain-workers cannot be exaggerated. In a recent lecture, a famous English physician said that the brain requires twelve hours of sleep at four years old, gradually diminishing by hours and half hours to ten hours at fourteen, and thence to eight hours when the body is full grown. Goethe, in his most active productive period, needed nine hours, and took them; Kant, the most laborious of students, was strict in never taking less than seven. Nor does it appear that those who have systematically tried to cheat nature of this chief right have been in any sense gainers of time for their work.

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A MOVEMENT has been started in Vermont to induce town councils to make small appropriations for the purpose of having the weather indications given by every steam whistle in the State. It is urged that the Government indications, printed only in the newspapers and bulletined in the postoffices, are seen by very few people, comparatively, and that for a small sum, and by arranging an easily-constructed code, based on the number of blasts, every farmer in the State who lived within a radius of ten or twelve miles of a mill of any kind, could be informed by the seven o'clock morning whistle the probable weather for the next eighteen hours. The plan is called a good one, and in several Vermont towns has already been adopted.

—

A GERMAN line of steamers out of New York have adopted a new system, which has for some time been in vogue with one of the English companies, for supplying meals to cabin passengers. Instead of having a stated hour, as formerly, for meals, and placing the food on the table and permitting the passengers to help themselves at will, breakfast is served between 8 and 10 o'clock, lunch at noon, dinner from 6 till 7, and supper at 9. The saloons are provided with a number of small tables, where families or circles of friends may dine or breakfast together. The waiters serve to each passenger only what is ordered, and in such quantities as is required. Hence, those inclined to be seasick are not obliged to sit over steaming food which to them is not palatable.

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PROFESSOR TYNDALL thus endeavors to explain the immunity obtained against a second attack of a contagious disease: "One of the most extraordinary and unaccountable experiences in medicine was the immunity secured by a single attack of a communicable disease against future attacks of the same malady. Small-pox, typhoid, or scarlatina, for example, was found as a general rule to occur only once in a lifetime of an individual, the successful passage through the disorder apparently rendering the body invulnerable. Reasoning from analogy, I have ventured to express the opinion that the rarity of second attacks of communicable diseases was due to the removal from the system, by the first parasitic crop, of some ingredient necessary to the growth and propagation of the parasite."

—

"THE extinction of news," says a sensible exchange, "is what we plead for—that a large half of what is now called 'news' be extinguished instead of disseminated. Hush it up. Let us go back to the good old ante-telegraph days, when one could usually unfold a damp newspaper without expecting to have his blood run cold with a recital of all the wretched and horrible things which have lately happened. Instead of 'dumping' the 'news' of the 'Associated Press' into their columns unread, simply because it is out—only fitting it with the glaring subtitles, let editors edit the same, condensing whatever is dreadful that deserves mention into the briefest, quietest and least sensational form, throwing the rest bodily into the gutter. By-and-by such treatment would reform the whole news administration, and a better day might dawn."

### THE LESSON OF THE TIME.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTOSH.

When balmy breezes fan the brow
And hoary winter fades away,
And downy blossoms clothe the bough,
And warbling birds send forth their lay;

When drowsy sleep forsakes the soil,
And in the fields the flocks are seen,
And nimble bees resume their toil,
While Nature dons her mantle green;

When all her kind in passion's flame,
Hie to the shady grove and tree,
And fish and fowl of every name
Seek out their mates by land and sea—

Then is't not plain to all who may
The store of teeming earth survey,
That with the bird, the bee, the dove,
Youth too, should turn his thoughts to love?

## "A Blank, My Lord!"

BY C. L. PIRKIS.

SHE never told her love. No, but she made him tell his. It came to much the same thing in the long run.

It happened in this wise. Lord Greyburn (just come into his title and thirty thousand pounds a year) chanced to say to his friend, the Hon. Algernon Sydney Stratton, "I shall never make a girl an offer till I am convinced beyond a doubt she will say, 'Yes.' Indeed, of the two I would sooner that *she* made *me* the offer."

Now, reticence was the last virtue under the sun that the Hon. Algernon Sydney Stratton had taken the trouble to cultivate. Nine times that day he repeated Lord Greyburn's remark to friends and casual acquaintances. It found its way, in slightly exaggerated form, into the Pall Mall clubs; it was repeated with variations in more than one Belgravian drawing-room.

"Have you heard," asked Gladys Browne of her friend, Lady Adela Westlake, "that Lord Greyburn has vowed he will never marry unless the lady of his choice makes him the offer? It would be rather good fun to take him by storm, break his heart for him and drive him will-he nill-he to speak the 'fateful words.' There's nothing I enjoy more than taking the conceit out of a man."

There was nothing Lady Adela enjoyed more, though she did not say so, but went on calmly painting her tiger lilies on her terra-cotta plaque.

Gladys Browne was that essential modern creature of the age—an amateur "globe-trotter." It was her delight to scour the unknown corners of the world, to come home laden with MSS., which she disposed of to the highest bidder among the enterprising publishers of books of travel—her "Wanderings of a Blue-Stocking among the Blue Noses" had brought her in close upon a thousand pounds. She was a tall, handsome woman, of about thirty years of age, dogmatic in speech, loud of utterance, fond of saying just whatever came into her head. She generally affected deep reds and brilliant yellows in dress, and had earned for herself something of a reputation for eccentricity in her ultra-fashionable and conventional "set."

Lady Adela was the reverse of all this. She was a pale, demure beauty of three or four-and-twenty, rather given to silence and to quiet colors in dress. She had no *specialité*. She was a little literary (*i.e.*, she read Shakespeare occasionally, Tennyson a great deal); a little given to schemes of benevolence; she was something of a musician, something of an artist, and had more than once achieved *vers de société* for the magazines. She had what people are pleased to call "a good manner," and although she had gone through the whirl and wear of some four or five London seasons, had come out of them heart-whole, and had thereby attained a sort of distinction as being super-fastidious in her matrimonial views.

Gladys waited for full three minutes for a reply from her friend, but getting none, went on again.

"The arrogance of the male creature in a civilised state is a thing to be wondered at. Now, among the Choctaw Indians (you know I spent six weeks last autumn among them) one expects it. It is a thing to be taken for granted, where the men do the scalping and the women look on. But here, where the women scalp the men, and wear the scalps as trophies at their girdles—ah, it is quite too ridiculous!"

Still Lady Adela made no reply, although in her heart she thoroughly agreed with her friend that it was "quite too ridiculous." Possibly a sufficient reason for her silence might be found in the fact that she had lately made the acquaintance of Lord Greyburn, and had been not a little impressed by his handsome face and figure, and his quiet dignity of manner. It was certainly rather a mortifying reflection, but a fact, nevertheless, that this lady, who had gone scathless through her five best seasons, should succumb at the commencement of her sixth on such very slight provocation. She had met Lord Greyburn only three times, and had exchanged about thrice three syllables with him. A fourth time she had a distant view of him in the chair at a Shakespearian society; this comprised the sum total of their meetings. Yet here was she compelled to confess to herself that he occupied an altogether uncomfortable share of her thoughts, and a chance expression of his reported to her by her friend had set every pulse in her body beating and throbbing in spite of the calm exterior she preserved.

Gladys took no heed of her silence, for one thing she was used to it; for another, it pleased her better to hear her own voice than her friend's. She went on expressing her thoughts with decision and volubility.

"Now I should like above all things to see this male creature taken prisoner and scalped: the thing is altogether preposterous that a man should be allowed to walk abroad in a civilized city and proclaim the fact that he expects the women to go down on their knees to him and ask him to marry them. There should be a conference called (after the manner of the Irish Invincibles) only of all the best-looking and wealthiest girls 'out,' and they should vote one of their number to take this man thoroughly in hand, turn his head with her attractions, break his heart for him and then leave him to his fate. My dear Adela, you could do this thing to perfection."

Lady Adela gave a little start, and suspended her painting. She looked puzzled, bewildered for a moment, then a sudden idea came to her. She bent her head over her tiger-lilies again, and said in her usual quiet tones:

"My dear Gladys, you could do it much better than I."

"I. Oh, I am too old—gave up all that sort of nonsense ages ago—'the sweet eyes and low replies' are altogether out of my line. Now, you can do them to perfection, the downcast look, the demure little speeches are things that you specially excel in."

"My dear Gladys, how do you know that Lord Greyburn is one to be fascinated by 'downcast' looks and demure little speeches?"

"How do I know, because I know him to be a man, and all men are."

"From your own showing, I should say he rather preferred the opposite type. A man who expects a woman to make advances to him can scarcely go in for demure specimens of femininity."

"True there's something in that," answered Gladys, and as she spoke she slightly turned her head so as to get a view of her own handsome profile in a mirror that hung near.

Lady Adela noticed the movement and followed up her advantage.

"So far as my experience goes," she went on, "a man delights in nothing so much as contrast. It is proverbial that small men marry tall women, dark men admire fair girls. Now Lord Greyburn is silent, reserved, shy to a degree, I should imagine."

"And I," interrupted Gladys, "am talkative, frank, confident, not to say, bold! My dear, I admit it, there is some show of reason in what you say. Without vanity, I may say I have taken the shine out of better men than Lord Greyburn in my time. Yes, thinking it over, it is exactly the sort of thing I should delight in. How I should glory in saying to the man, 'My dear Lord Greyburn, I am much obliged to you for the honor you have done me, but nothing is farther from my thoughts at the present moment than matrimony,' and then I should make him a profound curtsey and leave him so," and Gladys rose from her chair as she finished speaking, curtsied to her own reflection in a long mirror and moved towards the door.

"Well, I won't sit down again," she said, as she found her hand on the handle of the door.

"I will write and tell you when I have arranged the first step in this momentous affair."

"Of course you will keep our little plot a secret, Adela, and also, as a matter of course, you will lend me a helping hand, getting invitations, and all that sort of thing, and throwing us together as much as possible. Dear me, I should think before Ascot comes round the thing might be managed: I'm due at Chicago by the end of July. Good-bye, darling; you and I must be together as much as possible for the next month or six weeks."

"Good-bye," answered Lady Adela, "we will be inseparable till the thing is done," and she bent lower over her palette and colors, possibly to hide an odd little smile that was playing about the corners of her mouth.

Everyone wondered at the sudden increase of friendship between Lady Adela Westlake and Gladys Browne. Riding, driving, walking, at afternoon parties, "at homes," balls, they were always to be seen side by side. The odd shifts Lady Adela put herself to to get cards for her friend for houses which Lord Greyburn frequented excited much comment. People began to say ill-natured things about Gladys: "She had not found globe-trotting pay lately." "She was getting tired of her spinsterhood." "She was looking out for a rich husband," and so forth. They talked still more when soon the pair of friends developed into a trio, and wherever Gladys and Lady Adela went, Lord Greyburn was to be found in their train. What did it all mean? Here was a man openly vowed to celibacy and two ladies practically rowing in the same boat, forming an odd sort of triple alliance, and evidently getting much enjoyment out of it. Was it only friendship of the genuine Platonic order, or had one or other of the trio ulterior views? It was altogether puzzling, enigmatical. The enigma, however, admitted of a very simple solution. Gladys Browne had exceptional powers of conversation, Lady Adela had exceptional grace of manner. Each had chosen to exercise her special gift in a special manner for Lord Greyburn's special delectation. The combination was charming and irresistible. As thus: Gladys would start some subject in which it was known Lord Greyburn took deep interest, say a discussion at the Browning Society. "Did Browning believe in a future state?" Lady Adela with a pretty downward (or upward) glance of her dark eyes would appeal to Lord Greyburn for his opinion on the matter. Lord Greyburn would state his opinion, generally an opposite one to that advanced by Gladys. An argument would arise, it began to grow heated; Lady Adela with a few graceful words would cool it, proving to the disputants that their ideas were more sympathetic than their words, that in reality they both meant the same thing, although they each had a different way of expressing it. Or the argument would flag—Lady Adela would put flax on the fire and fan the flame by recalling some personal experience of Gladys' during her travels which bore upon the subject, or some college experience of Lord Greyburn's equally to the point. Lord Greyburn had never been thrown into such delightful companionship before. "To think there should be such women as these in 'Society,' and I never to have come upon them before," he said more than once to himself; "they are destitute alike of vanity and humbug. In all my experience I never came upon a girl with good eyes who knew how to use her tongue to advantage. Now, if I were thinking of matrimony I really shouldn't know which of the two to choose. It's a thousand pities the woman hasn't the right to speak first in England. By Jove! whichever of these two made me the offer I should feel bound to accept her." And then he buried himself in his books again and forgot all about both of them.

The Hon. Algernon Sydney Stratton dug him out of his study and twitted him with his dual friendship for these ladies. "People say," said the Hon. Algernon, "that you are about to bring in a bill in the Lords to repeal the laws against bigamy and then we shall see!"

"No; do they?" said his friend in slightly alarmed tones. "I do assure you, Algy, there's nothing in it, but friendship, pure friendship, nothing more. You might walk behind us at any moment, you would hear nothing but the topics of the day discussed."

"Oh, might I?" responded Algy. "Next time I see you three together I'll do it. I give you my word I will."

He kept his word. Not two days afterwards he met the three at an "afternoon" at the Orleans Club. He spied them one after the other in different corners of the lawn, but he knew perfectly well that the law of affinity would soon bring them all three within the same square foot of grass. "I'll keep my eye on the Gladys," he said to himself. "She is the most conspicuous, by reason of her size and of her red and yellow draperies. Wherever she leads I'll follow."

Presently Gladys led the way towards the gate, the Hon. Algernon followed, and found Lady Adela and Lord Greyburn slowly lounging in the same direction. They met all four at the lodge. Gladys gave the Hon. Algernon a short brusque nod and a limp hand. To say truth, she was bent that day on making one last desperate effort to bring Lord Greyburn to his proper position, on his knees at her feet. Ascot was at hand, she had had enough of London for one year; preparations for Chicago had to be made, if she intended ever getting there at all. She was more deeply interested in this matter than she had thought it possible she could ever be in such triviality as love-making, and it is just possible if she had been in the habit of confessing herself to herself she would have been driven to own that that which had begun in jest was ending in earnest, and that if Lord Greyburn did chance to put the momentous question, her answer would be as unlike the pantomimic one she had gone through for the benefit of Lady Adela as "Yes" is unlike a "No."

How the Hon. Algernon stuck to them that day; there was no shaking him off, try as they would! Did they want to hear the band? He wanted to listen also. Ices! Oh, yes!—let's have ices or iced coffee, or something or other iced. A boat—the very thing. Nothing like the river on a sunshiny day!—and so forth. No matter what was proposed, the Hon. Algernon was determined to have his share of the fun.

Gladys grew crosser and crosser. It seemed to her for the first time since they had laid their plot together, that Lady Adela was not performing her part of the bargain. Instead of taking the Hon. Algernon altogether off her (Gladys' hands and so leaving her free to attack, for the last time, Lord Greyburn, there was she all-occupied herself in murmuring soft nothings (they could be nothing more) into his ear, to all appearances indifferent whether the little torment went or stayed. It would have tried the temper of a saint, and Gladys' temper was far from saint-like, as she was quite willing to admit. They were walking four abreast across the lawn, the two ladies side by side in the middle, the Honorable Algernon flanking Gladys, Lord Greyburn beside Lady Adela. Gladys could bear it no longer, she lowered her sunshade so as to exclude the insipid, boyish face on her right hand.

"Shall we walk along the banks and see the sun set into the river?" she asked, pointedly addressing Lord Greyburn across her friend.

"Ah! how delightful; nothing I should enjoy more," ejaculated the Hon. Algernon from behind the sunshade.

"We were thinking of strolling through Twickenham churchyard," answered Lord Greyburn. "I want to show Lady Adela the epitaph on Kitty Cline. There has been an opinion started of late that Kemble wrote the lines. Now independently of the fact of a discrepancy in the date, I can't imagine Kemble perpetrating an epitaph. Can you?"

Gladys put down her sunshade with a snap.

"I don't know about Kemble perpetrating an epitaph," she answered, in a loud crisp voice (a voice Lord Greyburn had never heard her use before), "but I should uncommonly like to be called upon to perpetrate one at the present moment."

The boyish face at her side was upturned to hers in a moment.

"Now, surely you don't mean upon me, Miss Gladys?" he said, in a voice that proclaimed the fact that he was not to be "sat upon." "How on earth could you work in Algernon Sydney Stratton into decent rhyme? Of course, doggerel, you wouldn't condescend to."

"So," answered Gladys, turning full upon him:—

"Here lies no less
Than an A double S."

And, having fired her shot, she walked on ahead at a rapid pace, leaving the others at least three feet behind.

The Hon. Algernon grew crimson. Lord Greyburn hemmed, Lady Adela cast down her eyes.

"I don't think you could perpetrate anything so cruel," Lord Greyburn murmured looking down into the pretty, demure face by his side. He was surprised and pained at this sudden revelation of Gladys Browne at her worst. Hitherto he had only seen her at her best.

"I am not clever enough to perpetrate any epitaph either cruel or kind," Lady Adela answered, in her lowest, sweetest tones. "My tombstone, if I could have my choice, would be—"

She broke off abruptly, a faint color tinged her cheek, a sigh parted her dainty rose-bud lips. How charming she looked under her cream-colored Gainsborough hat with the chequered sunlight falling about her soft cashmere dress.

"Would be what?" demanded Lord Greyburn, almost breathlessly, stopping in his walk, and waiting for her answer.

"A blank, my Lord," was her reply, in low mournful tones, that reached only his ear.

The Hon. Algernon did not hear a syllable of all this, but he saw Lord Greyburn take her hand and look down into her face. Then he had sense enough to walk on as fast as he could.

He overtook Gladys Browne.

"I say," he said, "look behind! Hadn't we better go and see the sun set into the river?"

* * * * *

Lord Greyburn and Lady Adela were married before the end of the season. Gladys Browne hastened her departure to Chicago, so as to be beyond the sound of the wedding bells.

## Mislaid.

BY R. C. H.

MRS. NICHOLSON was standing in a dubious attitude, with the study-door half open, and her eyes turning from the quiet figure in the armchair by the table, to another open door in the passage behind her, through which she could see a flood of sunshine, and in the sunshine a cradle.

"I don't feel quite easy," she said; "I am so afraid she should cry and no one hear her. I wish I had not let nurse go out; but all you have to do," coming into the room, and speaking impressively, "*all* you have to do is to ring the bell violently—*violently*, remember—for cook. For Heaven's sake, John," leaning on the table and stretching out a pretty hand to attract her husband's attention, "look up, or speak, or answer me, or you will drive me mad!"

"What is it all about, Agatha?" The calm, placid, intelligent face opposite was lifted gently, and the thin finger was slipped on to the page to mark a pause.

"It is baby, John," said Mrs. Nicholson, in a faltering voice, and with idle, angry, tears rolling down her cheeks. "Here have I, for the last ten minutes, been *begging* and *imploring* of you to remember baby: not to *nurse* her, I wouldn't trust you, but only to ring the bell if she cries."

"Does that stop her? It seems simple enough. I think even I can do that."

But Mrs. Nicholson shook her head, still weeping.

"You may laugh at me or sneer if you like. If it were my own baby I would say nothing, I would bear it all; but Emmy's!"

With a patient sigh the gentleman at the writing-table pushed the book away, and lost his place. He looked at her in a bewildered way.

"What is it, Agatha? a baby! O, Emmy's baby, of course."

"And not one hair, one hundredth part as valuable in your eyes," broke in Agatha, with impetuosity, "as the smallest, the most unknown, the most undiscovered star! You need not tell me; I know it."

"Of course," frowning gently, "every one knows that a star, however small—stars are not famous according to their *size*, my dear—is of infinitely more value than one hair of a baby's head. I mean," hastily "speaking from the entirely scientific point of view; but as you were saying—you *were* saying, were you not," a little doubtfully, "something about that unfortunate babe of Emmy's?"

Mrs. Nicholson had dried her tears, and was confronting him in all the cool splendor of her pretty summer dress, and with all the calm determination of a woman who has made up her mind.

"Yes, I was," she said; "only, once for all, John, if you call it a *babe*, I will leave your house at once, and never, *never* come back; and if you call it *unfortunate*, I will take that hateful M.S. with me and burn it at the kitchen fire. If it were, *yours*," with impassioned irony, "it might indeed be described as unfortunate; but Charles is the

best of fathers, and he has always been the best of husbands."

"Yes, yes, of course, my dear. I said nothing against Charles; I did not know we were talking about him. We can finish him up to-night," cheerfully. "If that is all, you had better go out now, whilst it is fine," turning his eyes to the dazzling sunlight for an instant and then back to his blotted page. "You can tell me about Charles, you know, when you come in. The best of husbands! I don't know much about them, I fear, but I know a little about the best of wives."

He arose, and laid his hand on the long, slender, soft gray glove that was leaning on his neat manuscript. The gray glove closed round his hand gently and clung to him, almost as if it were loath to leave the thin worn fingers; but he patted it gently and laid it aside. Mrs. Nicholson gave a faint sigh, but when she spoke again, she spoke with less decision and more pleading.

"It is not Charles, indeed it is not; it is the baby. Nurse has gone out, and I have put her in the morning-room, by the window. John," suddenly, "are you listening? What did I say last?"

"The morning-room, Agatha."

"Well," with a sigh of relief, "I see you are taking it in, and forgetting those horrible stars: and how can you compare a star to a baby," parenthetically, "is past me."

"I am sure I never did," he said, gently.

"Well, don't interrupt me, John, or I shall never get out. What was I saying? O, baby is in the morning-room, and if she cries—make *one* sound—you are to ring your bell—*this* bell, John—for cook: do you understand?"

"Yes, I believe so. I am to ring the bell—*this* bell—for cook."

"O, I *hope* you will," after a pause. "Fancy," her eyes filling with tears again, "if she cried, and no one heard her! O John you will not deceive me? You will try—and—ring?"

"My dear," speaking with some dignity, "surely I am not utterly destitute of common sense. I have interesting work here," pointing to the manuscript and the books of reference heaped around him; "but I suppose, after all, I am human."

"O, I *hope* so I *think* so," cried Agatha, clasping her hands; "only you might not hear her, that was all I meant."

"Then I think," he said, with a gently sarcastic smile, "that you may dismiss your fears; they are quite groundless."

"Very well," said Agatha, moving in a hesitating way to the door. "I am trying to be satisfied; don't forget."

"No," cheerfully, "I will take a leaf from Charles's book, the best of husbands."

"O"—gray glove had closed on the handle of the door, but released it again—"the Paynters are coming to-night, so you must not go out star-gazing."

"All right," obediently; "goodbye."

"Good bye." The bright face, that had almost disappeared round the door, came back again, and leant against the worn velveteen of the astronomer's coat; for a minute the lips were pressed to it, then lifted. "Kiss me, John; you are a dear old fellow after all, and I am a fiend."

The sunshine seemed to leave the room with the sweet bright presence, and hover over the pretty cradle, amongst the sounds and scents of the midsummer day. In the library there was only one shaft of light that came through the high windows, and fell across the old velveteen coat, and the tidy manuscript, and the open books, and left the handsome clever, refined face in shadow.

It might have been two hours afterwards—painful after events created a confusion in Mr. Nicholson's mind, and the two hours might have been two days—when he became aware of a laugh in the passage by the door. His hand had grown tired with writing, but the pen travelled steadily on; his eyes had grown a little tired, and it was a relief to raise them for a minute to the looked door, behind which he heard the laugh. He rose, with a half smile on his grave face, and paused, struck by a sudden presentiment. Something came back to him, as he stood in the dull light of the dull room: was it a dream, or a memory, or was it—*the baby?* He pushed his papers hurriedly away, and walked over to the door, and unlocked it, throwing it wide open. There was nothing in the passage but the yellow sunlight now upon the walls and on the old prints, and Mrs. Nicholson standing in her pretty grey dress, with her silm hands stretched out, and the laugh that had disturbed him still upon her lips.

In the room beyond was more sunlight and the cradle.

"John," cried Mrs. Nicholson, laughing again as if she could not help it, "what have you done with her? Give her to me. You are earning your title to the best of husbands!"

He looked up in quick perplexity. "What is it, Agatha? What do you want? I have nothing to give you."

"O don't, John!" she cried impatiently; "don't tease! *I want baby.*"

"Well"—the same perplexed look creeping over his face, and softening its sternness—"take her," stretching out his hand to the cradle in the sunlight.

Agatha's eyes were turned on him for a minute with a look of contempt before which he positively quailed. Then she swept over to the cradle, and tossed out the little pillow, and the sheets with their lace edges, and the pale-blue satin coverlet on to the floor in a soft heap, and stood looking down upon the empty cradle as if she would conjure up the pink face and the flaxen head into their accustomed place.

Mr. Nicholson had followed her on tip-toe, and was stirring the softly shining head on the floor with his patent-leather shoes, as if he half imagined that she had tossed the baby out amongst them.

"Well?" said Agatha sharply.

"Well?" he echoed feebly.

"Do you mean to say," she said, putting aside her angry vehemence and speaking tearfully, with her grey eyes turned up to his—"O John, do you mean to say that you have *lost* her?"

"I never touched her," he cried hastily, "I never—" *heard* her, he would have added, but again that faint memory—that dream—stirred him. "Upon my honor, Agatha," he said abruptly, leaning down into the cradle, and poking at the mattress with his thin fingers, "upon my honor, I can't remember."

"*You can't remember!*" said Agatha, with slow scorn. "Why, John, *she roared!* Cook heard her in the kitchen. She came rushing up, and found the cradle empty, and baby gone; she thought you had taken her into the study, she told me so; but, O John, it was somebody else, and they have stolen her!"

"My dear," he said, shaking himself together, and speaking more lightly, "who would steal her?—a baby *roaring*, as you say!" He shuddered. "Why, surely no one in his senses would do such a thing!"

"Emmy's baby!" cried Agatha tearfully, "and that is how you speak of her! O John, dear John, think again: didn't you hear her? Perhaps you have forgotten—perhaps you have put her somewhere, and she has gone to sleep. Sit down, John, and think—perhaps you have put her somewhere and forgotten."

Mr. Nicholson sat down on the window-sill, and covered his face with his hands. He tried to think, but whenever he concentrated his mind on the baby he was dimly conscious of that fading fancy that he could not grasp—that dream of a cry. It had disturbed him, he remembered, that loud, painful, jarring cry, but it had died away: surely it had died into peace without his interference? "Agatha," he said, lifting up his face, sharpened with the effect of thought, "I *do* remember *something*—somebody crying; it must have been the babe."

"Yes," said Agatha eagerly, "go on! you heard her! that is right—cook says you must have heard her, she roared so—well, and then? You—"

"I—I can't remember, Agatha. I may have gone on writing, that seems the most likely, I think; but I may have gone to the door. No," shaking his head, "I can't get beyond the cry. I *do* remember that now distinctly."

"Perhaps," said Agatha hopefully, through her tears, "you have put her somewhere in the library. What have you been doing or using this afternoon?"

Mr. Nicholson followed humbly as she swept in before him, and flung open the great curtains, so that the light rushed in on to his table strewed with plans and MS. Even then he spread out his hands, almost unconsciously, to defend his precious papers from her light scornful touch; but she stood in the centre of the room, looking into every corner with her quick, soft eyes.

"What have you used, John—this chair? You have not been to the cupboard? No," peeping into a dark recess, musty with papers. "What else?"

"Nothing else, Agatha, here, except," with a quick smile, "the waste-paper basket, and that is empty. You can see for yourself."

"Ah," said Agatha, "here is cook," as a heavy breathing became audible in the passage. "Cook," her voice trembling at sight of the sympathetic face, "your master has not seen the baby—at least, he thinks not. He was very busy, but he heard her cry, and he may have taken her up and forgotten. We are looking for her."

"Which you won't never find her, then," said cook, in a broken voice. "In my last place but one, where I was general cleaner in Mrs. 'All's family, there was a child disappeared, as it might be this, and it was never found—gipsies or not, it was never come across again."

"O don't, cook!" cried Agatha plaintively. "And Emmy coming this evening! Your master thinks he may have put her somewhere and forgotten. He remembers hearing her."

"Which he might," said cook, "not being deaf. Which I don't mean no disrespect, sir, but she was roaring awful; and I says to Mary, says I, 'Master'll never know how to quiet that child, so I'll run up and bring her down a bit;' and I stops to change my apron, and I ups, as it might be here, and the cradle, as it might be there, and no sound, and the cradle as empty as it is this minute."

Cook turned dramatically, and pointed one stout arm to the little cradle in the sunlight. Mrs. Nicholson's tearful eye followed the hand, and her husband stood uneasily in the centre of the group, with an anxious frown upon his face.

"Which," added cook sorrowfully, "I think a baby—and such a one, bless her!—is of more vally than all this rubbish." She waved her hand over the table, on which lay the neat MS. and the rows of mended pens; and Mr. Nicholson moved instinctively a step backwards, as if she had an evil eye and his writings would shrivel up at her scornful gesture.

"Cook," said Mrs. Nicholson, with dignity marred a little by the quiver in her voice, "you don't understand. Your master is very clever, and his writings are of great value. Of course," with a pleading look upwards, "baby is our first thought just now. There are no wild beasts here, so she cannot be eaten. But she has gone, and before Emmy comes this evening she must be found."

"Of course she must," said her husband, plucking up courage from her exceeding gentleness. "We will begin systematically, and go through every room in the house."

* * * * * *

So the search began, that ended, an hour later, in the great hall, with three perplexed faces meeting each other at the foot of the stairs, in a silence that Mrs. Nicholson broke.

"It's no use, John; I cannot bear it any longer. She is lost!"

She flung out her empty hands with a despairing gesture, but her husband caught and held them.

"Don't give up, Agatha; it will all come right. If I search the world through, I will find her."

"Or the body," said cook.

Mrs. Nicholson shuddered.

The minute's silence was broken by a sound of merry laughter and the trampling of feet. For a minute Agatha raised her head, listening intently, and then she dropped it with a sigh.

"It is only the rectory boys, John," she said; "they have been in the hayfield all day, and I asked them to tea. I can't speak to them, I am too anxious."

She would have moved away, but the noise and laughter were in the hall already, and the boys were stumbling up towards her in the darkness, over the rugs and skins. Something white was being shoved from one to the other, and was pushed into Agatha's arms at last, and held there by a pair of rough sunburnt hands.

"What is it? O, Jack, what is it?" she cried, bending down and kissing, to their owner's great surprise, the boy's rough hands.

"Don't I say," said Jack, drawing them away with a curious shamefaced look. "It's only the baby, Mrs. Nicholson. She was crying in the cradle, so I just got into the room, and bagged her. She's been playing in the hay; she nearly got jabbed with a rake, but Jim got it instead. She's a jolly little thing. Did you miss her?"

"Yes, I thought she was lost," said Agatha gently.

"Lost!" with a roar of laughter. "Well, that is good! May we wash our hands for tea? I'm not so dirty, I've been holding her; but Jim's simply mud all over. Here, have you got her? It's so dark I can't see."

The turbulent tide swept away into the dim distance of stairs and passages, leaving a little group in the twilight of the hall; a tall dark figure, against which a golden head was leaning, and two arms with a white bundle folded in them.

"Kiss her, John," came a soft voice out of the darkness. "I know you would rather not, she's only a baby, not a star; but just as a punishment, because you were so stupid."

The tall figure stooped, and laid a dark moustache against the little bundle.

"She's very soft," said another voice; "I don't think I ever knew so much about a baby before."

There was, after a moment's silence, a movement on the man's part, as though he were drawing himself to his full height, with a view to reasserting his dignity. He cleared his throat.

"After all, Agath," he said stiffly, "I did not lose the baby."

"I never said you did," said Agatha: "I only asked you, and you *couldn't remember.*"

"Another time," with an evident effort "I suppose I shall be condemned unheard."

"Another time!" scornfully. "You may set your mind at rest. Neither I nor Emmy is in the least likely to trust you again, at least not with anything of value."

"Then how about the baby?" with a laugh.

"That," said Agatha firmly, "includes the baby."

## A Dog Called "Joe."

BY L. T. MEADE.

"THERE ain't no use in yer fondling that ere dog now, Susie, for I have quite made up my mind."

These words were addressed by a man with a very red face to a little, slight, dark-eyed girl. They were both in a small close parlor in a back street in London.

The girl was half sitting, half lying on a sofa formed of two chairs drawn close together. The man, between the whiffs of his pipe, jerked out his angry words. A dog, partly retriever, partly Newfoundland, sat close to the girl, so close that her thin white hand rested on his shiny head; so close that his brown and loving eyes could look often right into hers. The man was red and ugly, the girl, wasted from illness and suffering, possessed little or no beauty; but the dog was a magnificent creature, tawny in color, with an exquisitely silky and curly coat. He was evidently a king among his kind, and as evidently the one joy of this little sick girl's life.

"Poor Joe! He don't eat so very much, father," she said rapidly, raising timid and pleading eyes.

"That don't matter nothink, Sue. He eats more nor we can afford; and then there's the tax. There's that man ha' left notice as he'll call again for that'ere seven-and-sixpence to-morrow, and it's the last time. No, Susie; make up yer mind, this is the last night with you and Joe for companions. If I can't sell him first thing to-morrow, I'll drown him; so there, and that's flat." With those bad and cruel words, the man, having finished his pipe, knocked the ashes out of it, and left the room.

Behind he left a little suffering heart swelling to agony. Susie was then ten years old. Susie was motherless and lame. All day long—all through the pleasant summer weather, all through the desolate cold of winter, Susie lay between those two chairs, or very often stayed in her little narrow bed up in a tiny room in the roof. John Marshall, her father, was a good workman. He earned excellent wages. No one could consider him poor. And yet he never could give his lame child a treat: he never could deny himself for her sake. He drank, without being an habitual drunkard. He joined more than one club where he met boon companions. He was a pleasant neighbor—bright addition to a lively party. He was welcomed when he went out; his jokes were always received with cheers. And these welcoming words and this applause—so nice to hear—were bad for him. They were making him selfish. He did not know he was selfish: he thought himself very good to lame Susie.

He had promised his wife five years ago to be very kind to her motherless child. He loved the poor little one, too, in a fashion, but his ideas of love and kindness consisted in consigning her to the landlady's care, and leaving her a good deal to herself. The one, after all, who really fulfilled the dying mother's prayer was not the father, but the dog Joe. Joe was a character in this lodging-house. Joe was considered by some of the neighbors to be too canny. For instance, notwithstanding his beauty, his good breed, and his undoubtedly aristocratic appearance, he had never allowed himself to be stolen yet.

For four years now had the Marshalls and their lovely dog lived in this decidedly low part of town, and Joe had gone in and out with impunity. One or two thieves had tried to tempt him away with the choicest bits—the most honeyed words; but Joe was incorruptible. One or two, again, had tried bullying, and even blows. Joe showed formidable teeth and other signs of such rare courage, that no one dared to trifle with him. He went out every day for a constitutional. He went out also for a little fresh bun for Susie to the baker's. This he would bring home in a basket between his teeth. The rest of his time, day and night, was spent with the child. A fanciful little girl, Susie would amuse herself for long hours making up stories. These stories she would tell to Joe, who responded with soft blinking eyes and some movements of his great bushy tail. Joe was as gentle and lamb-like with Susie as he was stiff and dignified with any people who might happen to address him in the streets. In return for his devotion, the child gave him the whole wealth of a most loving and hungry little heart.

Now every one in this lodging-house had a certain respect and love for Joe. There was a poor widow up in the attics who had three tiny boys and these little lads would dream about missie's dog, and talk of him from morning to night. It made them happy for a day to see even a glimpse of Joe's bushy tail.

Every one loved the dog but Marshall himself. Marshall was one of those strange beings who never yet cared for any animal. In fact, selfishness was now creeping so fast round his heart that soon there would not be a cranny left for any love but the love of himself. Had someone told this man a year after his wife's death that he would try to get rid of the noble dog for the sake of seven-and-sixpence, he would have laughed such an idea to scorn—nay, more, I think he would have jumped from his seat, and in his righteous anger, have taken that wicked person, who suggested a course so mean, by the throat.

But evil unresisted can make great strides in a man's nature, and Marshall now no longer resisted evil; spending more and more of his money on himself, he grudged more and more what had to go to others. The dog tax had been a yearly vexation, and this year it had come at a most inopportune moment, just when his purse was very low, and also when a delightful scheme was set on foot by his fellow workman, a scheme he could just fall in with and partake of for the very sum of seven and-sixpence. No, he would not spend this money in keeping a great hulking dog in the house, a creature that ate them out of house and home. It could not be wholesome for Susie to have the great beast always close to her. He would do what he had long been tempted to do—he would sell Joe, and if he could not sell him, why, there was the canal quite handy.

Susie might fret a bit, poor little maid. He owned to himself that he did not much like to think of Susie, but by-and-by, when he was a little flush of money again, he would send the child to that aunt, who was always wanting her to visit her in her country farm, and surely that would be much better for the little lass than the endearment of a great and useless dog.

So Marshall, yielding to temptation, paid away his last seven-and-sixpence for the pleasure trip in contemplation, and then returning home and finding that the tax-collector would call for the last time for Joe's tax the next day, he told Susie, in an angry voice, that he would pay the tax no longer, and that if he could not sell Joe he would drown him. The child did not scream or cry when the bad and pitiless news was told to her, but her dark eyes seemed to blaze with sudden anger and despair, and her poor little face went ghastly white, and the small thin hand, which still rested on Joe's dear head, trembled. Marshall saw it all, the flashing eyes, the white face, the little trembling hands.

He did not like these signs of strong feeling; they pricked severely what was left of heart within him; he had a memory of his wife's dying, pleading face. He rose hastily and left the room.

Susie, clasping her arms around Joe's neck, lay in a trance of misery.

"Oh, Joe! Joe! Joe!" sobbed the child.

In the midst of her grief a little hand was laid on hers; she raised her head; the widow's youngest boy had slipped into the room.

"What's the matter, Sue?" said the little man, in his round sweet voice.

"Oh! Toby dear; they're going to drown Joe. They're going to drown my dear dog Joe, answered Susie.

Toby puckered his brows, then his baby face cleared, every shadow of doubt left it.

"Oh! no, Susie," he said; I'll ask God. God won't let anybody drown Joe."

When Toby said this, the great dog rose slowly, and walking up to the child, licked his little hand.

Whatever effect Toby's words had on little Susie Marshall, it is certain that at twelve o'clock that night the little girl was sleeping peacefully, with Joe keeping guard as usual at her feet.

It was, after all, John Marshall himself who had bad dreams, who had an unquiet night. Waking and sleeping, he saw his wife's face—his wife's face, always looking at him reproachfully, always seeming to say to him, "What about Susie—are you very good to my little motherless Susie?"

Marshall liked neither his night nor his dreams in the darkness as he lay awake, and saw over and over again his dead wife's sad and reproachful face; his resolve even began to falter about Joe. He began to fear that the absence of Joe might injure Susie; he began to wish that he had that seven-and-sixpence to pay his tax; these thoughts came o him in the night. But, alas! with the return of day, the better wishes vanished. He accused himself of being very soft—very silly—he resolved more firmly than ever to get rid of Joe that day.

It was still early on a summer's morning. He rose very quietly, slipped up-stairs, opened Susie's bed room door and called the dog. Susie was still asleep; the great dog got up at once and went out with Marshall.

He looked a splendid creature in the early morning. His coat was very silky, his step very firm, his whole build betokened his high and pure birth. Even Marshall felt a momentary admiration for the noble dog: he resolved that he would only drown him as a last resource. His plan was first to offer him for sale to a gentleman who lived a little way down the river, and who had praised Joe, and wished to buy him a short time ago.

Marshall secured an early train, and paid the dog ticket for Joe. He pleased himself as he was being whirled along past Hammersmith, and down towards Putney, with the resolve that if he got anything of a fair price for the dog, he would spend sixpence or even a shilling to buy a doll for Susie. All girls delighted in dolls; he had never thought of buying her one hitherto; she would doubtless be quite comforted by such a pretty and natural toy for the loss of her dog.

When Marshall reached Putney, he brushed and groomed Joe, and then led him up to the house, where he hoped to secure at least a couple of sovereigns for him.

Alas! here came disappointment number one. The family were all away from home. The man and dog were ordered rather roughly off the premises. Marshall tried the next gentleman's seat; no one wanted Joe there. At six other houses did he call; many admired, but none offered to buy the dog.

It was now getting late, and Marshall was due in town to his work. He owned to himself that he did not like the job before him, but there seemed no help for it. He could not return with the dog to town; he had no money for the tax. There was nothing for it but to drown Joe. What a fool he was to feel any soft-heartedness in the matter! he had better get it over at once.

He walked down to the river. He reached a quiet nook where no one could see him, then collecting some stones, he tied them into his pocket-handkerchief. After doing this he sat down on the bank. He was certainly not a soft-hearted man; nevertheless, he felt impelled to wait a few moments. The morning was lovely. A thousand little gleams of light fell on the rapid and noble river. The birds sang in the trees, and the great dog stretched himself at Marshall's feet. Marshall, with that handkerchief full of stones by his side, felt more and more repugnance to the work before him. What a pity that gentleman who had admired Joe was away! He hoped Susie would not fret much. He took out his purse. Had he any money to buy her the doll? Alas! he had only a few pence in his pocket—only just enough to take him back third class to town.

Now, all this time Joe himself lay perfectly tranquil. Joe had enjoyed his morning's walk, he enjoyed now his stretch by the river. But this peaceful demeanor was in no manner caused by any ignorance or stupidity on his part. Joe was not impervious to the signs of violent grief shown by Susie last night; he had heard Toby's confident speech; he now watched that handkerchief made so heavy with stones. It is my own private opinion that Joe knew the Dog on language perfectly. It is certain that he guessed that his master was going to drown him. The fact did not trouble him much, for the simple reason that he had not the faintest intention of allowing himself to be drowned.

At last Marshall, angry with himself for feeling any softness, rose to his feet, fastened the fatal handkerchief firmly round Joe's neck, and sent him over the bank into the stream. The river here was both rapid and deep, and in the ordinary course of things, Joe ought to sink at once. But he did not; he was a powerfully strong creature. Furious and struggling, for indeed, his danger was great, he managed to reach a part of the river where he could regain his footing. Here he succeeded, not in getting rid of the handkerchief, but in biting a hole in it with his sharp teeth. The stones began to topple out; the weight was not so great. But now a further weapon was brought to fight against the true fellow's life. Marshall, rendered furious by yielding to his cruelty, and seeing Joe might escape, flew at the dog, and tried to hurl heavy stones at him from the shore. One of these did hit the poor creature, who gave a piteous cry, but still swam away bravely.

Suddenly there was another cry, one long and terrified—a human cry. Joe turned at the sound. Marshall, in flinging that last stone which had hit Joe hard, had overbalanced himself; and in half an instant was struggling in the water. Now Marshall, a born Londoner, knew nothing about swimming. He had a horrible moment of fear; all his life seemed to rise before him. He saw the deed he had just committed something as God sees it: he felt the water close over his head, he gave a most bitter and terrible cry, then he remembered no more.

* * * * * *

A few moments later, a little crowd of eager and admiring spectators were clustered round a man who lay dripping, and apparently drowned, on the grass, while a great Newfoundland dog, with a red handkerchief fastened to his neck, and a great gash in his shoulder, stood over him.

The dog had saved the man. The man was John Marshall; the dog was Joe.

That evening there was a little surprise at Marshall's club. Instead of the bold and confident man, so admired by his fellows, a drooping and rather abject looking human being appeared. He was accompanied, however, by a large dog; a dog so handsome and so noble looking that there was a general buzz of astonishment and delight. Marshall, with his hand on Joe's head, walked up to the secretary.

"Mate," he said, "I give yer seven and sixpence yesterday to pay my share of our entertainment for the 'ith. Well, I wants that 'ere seven-and-sixpence back. I wants it back at once, mate."

"But," said the secretary, in some surprise, "that's uncommon: that's against the rules, that is."

"It ain't more uncommon, nor more against the rules o' human nature, nor wot happened to me this morn," answered Marshall. "This 'ere dawg, he belongs to my little lass, and I wor a drowning of him to save the tax, and wot do he do but save me."

Here Marshall told all his story, sparing himself nothing, keeping back no details.

"Look you yere, mates," he said, in conclusion, "yere were a dawg, a teaching of a man wot calls his self a Christian, his duety; yere were a man wot acted worse nor a brute. Mates, I'd rather be out up in little bits now, nor part wid Joe."

It was remarked ever after, that Joe seemed to love John Marshall as much as Susie.

As for Susie, and little Toby the widow's son, they were neither of them at all surprised; for had not they asked God to spare Joe?

In days to come John Marshall often said that this little incident cured him of his selfishness.

## Gipsy's Ransom.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I THOUGHT she was married to—to Captain Thorpe?" said the stranger to the innkeeper, nervously reining in his horse.

"So she was to have been, sir,—the very day was fixed; but when the Squire died, and Thorpe began to see how matters were going, he wriggled out o' the engagement somehow, and took himself off, with his diamond rings and his perfumed handkerchers—mean scamp! And there's to be a sale up at the place to-morrow. Poor Miss Justine is quite heartbroken, they say. Did you ever see her dashing across the country on that pretty bay pony of hers? Gipsy, she called him—and he was a reg'lar gipsy! Well, *that's* to be sold; and I *do* declare it seems almost like selling one of the family. My wife says the poor young lady has tried every way to keep that pony, but it's no use!—Going, eh? Well, don't forget the turnin' to the left, sir, and——Goodness, if that ain't a break-neck style of riding! Who can he be?"

The sky was yet a mass of molten amber—the purple brightness yet hung on the terraces of the "Place," when Captain Charles Earnesworth drew rein under the arching boughs of the carriage drive. Suddenly, his ear had caught a familiar sound on the velvet lawn beyond, and through the network of moving greenery he could discern Justine Ross's slight figure, leaning against a marble statue; and close beside her, nay, eating grass from her very hands, was Gipsy!

"The last time, Gipsy—oh, the last time!" sobbed the girl, suddenly dropping the grass and throwing both arms around the arched, satin neck of the horse. "I shall never feed you again! If I could only have kept you, to remind me of old times!"

Gipsy could but rub his nose lovingly against his mistress' cheek, and *look* a dumb, speechless affection out of his half-human eyes, as the tears rained down on his neck; yet Justine Ross gathered comfort even from that wistful gaze.

Charles Earnesworth had sat perfectly motionless on his horse through all this scene: and when Justine had gone back to the house, he slowly turned and rode away.

The Place, with its heliotropes and roses overhanging the terrace-step in luxurious ness of bloom, had never seemed lovelier than on the morning of the sale. There was a crowd assembled, of course; and Justine Ross, sitting in her little room upstairs, shrank involuntarily from every voice or footfall. Yet, when one of the servants entered, she sprang eagerly to her feet.

"The horses have been sold? Then who bought Gipsy?

"I don't know, Miss Justine—he was a stranger to me," said the man, respectfully; "but here is a note he bade me give you."

Justine tore open the envelope with heightened color. It was a receipted bill for the price of "the horse known in the catalogue as Gipsy," with a pencilled request underneath that Miss Ross "accept her favorite from an old friend."

"James, who gave you this? Where is he?" she ejaculated, with a scarlet glow burning in her cheek. "Surely I am not mistaken as to the handwriting?"

"I don't know, miss—he met me on the terrace, and——"

Justine did not wait to hear the conclusion of his explanations, but sprang up, tied on her straw hat, and ran out upon the green lawn.

All was quiet there—the sale was progressing briskly in the room within, and the only human shape in view was that of a man leaning on the fountain, and watching the falling drops—a tall figure in the uniform of a naval officer. Justine went up to him and touched his arm softly.

"Charles!"

"Justine!"

"I hardly know how to thank you," she said, hurriedly, flushing and growing pale by turns as she twisted the receipt round in her fingers, "but——"

"No thanks are necessary, Justine," he returned, quietly; "I shall feel only too much obliged to you if you will keep Gipsy as a memorial of old times."

"Will you not come in?"

"Thank you, no. I should have said goodbye even sooner than this—now, I ought to have provided against the chance of this brief interview. We may never meet again. Justine—you will not refuse to shake hands?"

Her trembling hand lay an instant in his palm; and then he turned resolutely away.

"Charles! you will not leave me thus?"

The soft voice would have recalled him, he almost fancied, from the confines of Death itself. He was at her side the next moment.

"I am alone and friendless, Charles," she sobbed. "Do not look at me with that cold glance!"

He parted the curls from her brow, and gazed into her eyes with strange, inquiring earnestness.

"Justine," he said, "you refused me once refused me for Herbert Thorpe's sake; but I have never ceased to love you. Has the time of my reward at length come?—do you love me?"

And Charles Earnesworth read, in the sweet, timid meaning of those tear-bright eyes, that his life's star had dawned at last. Patient waiting had brought its rich reward.

The fountain tinkled musically on. Gipsy, thrusting his nose into his mistress's palm for the daily dole of fresh grass, marvelled that she did not heed his presence! How was Gipsy to know that when a lover is present, all other created things must take a secondary place?

SOME CURIOUS PAYMENTS FOR LAND.—It has been often said that the ancient tenures upon which estates in England were originally granted entailed the performance of certain duties towards the commonwealth which have now fallen into desuetude. In some cases there is undoubtedly much truth in this statement; but it may nevertheless be safely affirmed that the majority of the ancient "services" entailed nothing beyond an acknowledgment of the subjection of the tenant to his feudal superior. From the famous list of "Tenures of Land and Customs of Manors," it is easy to make a selection of those services which shall give a fair notion of the nature of the more usual forms of tenure.

First in importance, though certainly not in number, are the tenures by military service—and amongst them one of the commonest is the duty of furnishing armed knights, men and horses, for service in England, for the innumerable military demonstrations on the Welsh marches. Thus we find that tenement in Essex, was held by the "serjeantry of going in the army to Wales with our lord the king, with one horse, a sack, and a skewer;" but what the latter curious provision was for does not appear. The manor of Horsham was held by the "serjeantry of finding in the Castle of Norwich one balistar, in the time of war for forty days, at his (the tenant's) own proper costs;" a balistar, it may be mentioned, was the worker of the instrument known as the ballista, which closely resembled the catapult, and was employed for a similar purpose.

It was the duty of the Earl of Norfolk, to find a balista in time of war, for fifteen days in service for his lands at Banningham, in Norfolk; while certain lands in Carleton, in the county of Nottingham, were held in the reign of Henry IV. "by the service of one catapult by the year for all services." So that both these instruments, so frequently employed by the ancient Romans, were still in common use in some form down to a comparatively late period in that country.

The service of providing weapons was a very common one, to judge these hardly seem to have been furnished in such numbers as to have rendered them practically available for the equipment of an army. Arrows appear to be of most frequent occurrence amongst those old tenure services. But these were not always intended for military purposes. Thus, Auri and Hole, in Devon, were held by serjeantry, "that whensoever our lord the king should hunt in the forest of Exmore, he should find for him two barbed arrows;" and certain lands in Devon, were held by the service of providing the king with a bow and three barbed arrows "whensoever he should hunt in the forest of Dartmoor."

Certain lands in Horwood, Lancashire, again, were held in socage by rendering one iron arrow to be paid yearly, which seems to be rather a mere acknowledgment than a "valuable consideration." On the other hand, Ralph le Fletcher held lands in Brakely, Lincoln, by the service of paying yearly to the king twenty fletched arrows at the exchequer; and another twenty fletched (i.e., feathered) arrows were yearly paid by this Ralph for his lands in Lincoln; while the manor of Grendon, in Buckingham, was held by the service or "petty serjeantry of furnishing the lord of the honour with one bow of ebony and two arrows yearly."

Gloves of various kinds were frequently presented in service for lands. Thus, two farms at Carlcoats, in Yorkshire, paid "the one a right-hand, and the other a left-hand glove yearly;" and some lands in Elmesale, in the same county, were held of the king "by the service of paying at the Castle of Pontefract one pair of gloves furred with fox-skin, or eightpence, yearly;" while for the manor of Elston, in Nottingham, were rendered two pairs of gloves, together with a pound of cummin-seed, and a steel needle. Needles are met with several times.

COMMON SENSE. FATALISMS.—One-half the alleged current fatalisms of life are all grounded on downright common-sense.

Take the old phrase that "It is unlucky to walk under a ladder." There can be no doubt that it is unlucky, very unlucky, to do so, and the reason seems clear.

People who walk under a ladder risk, first of all, getting well spotted with whatever materials the man on the ladder is using, paint, whitewash, or paste, if the ladder belongs to a bill-poster.

If a bricklayer is up aloft, anything, from a chunk of brick-end to a dab of mortar, may come down, damaging either head or hat.

If the ladder snaps, no uncommon thing, the sudden descent of woodwork and falling humanity may mean a broken neck to the unlucky pedestrian beneath.

Another colloquial phrase speaks of the unluckiness of the opal, one of the loveliest precious stones that we have; and there is no doubt that the wearing of the opal brings distinct bad luck to the owner in this way—that he generally loses the stone.

The opal contracts and expands. When the hand is hot, it grows imperceptibly bigger, and pries open the gold claws or setting which holds it in a ring.

Taken off, the stone cools, and shrinks back to its original size. This goes on for some time, until it has so enlarged the cavity in which it rests, that, some day, a rapid motion of the hand jerks it out of its resting-place, and when the owner reaches home he is so many dollars the poorer by his loss.

And in scores of what appear at first sight equally foolish proverbs, careful examination will find a bit of homely fact that is worth remembering. To talk of the "luck" of the stars is bosh of the first description; but the so-called luck or unluckiness of things and observances very often contain a lesson.

A WHITEWASHED ISLAND.—Whitewash is a wonderful institution, and a missionary who has witnessed its beneficial results in the South Sea Islands thus describes the way in which it "took" among the natives:—

After having laughed at the process of burning, what was their astonishment when in the morning they found my cottage glittering in the rising sun as white as snow. They danced, they sang, they shouted and screamed with joy. The whole island was in a commotion and given up to wonder and curiosity.

Indeed, the laughable scenes which ensued after the natives got possession of the brush and tub baffle description. The high-bred ones immediately declared it to be a cosmetic and a calydor, and superlatively happy did many a swarthy coquette consider herself when she had enhanced her charms by a dash of the white brush.

At last party-spirit ran high, as it will do in more civilised countries, as to who was most entitled to preference. One party urged their superior rank; a second had the brush, and considered possession to be the proverbial "nine points of the law" while a third tried to overturn the whole stock-in-trade, that they might at least obtain some of the sweepings. They did not even scruple to rob each other of the little share they had been so happy as to secure.

A LITTLE boy was invited out to dinner, and his hostess mildly suggested that he should wipe his fingers on the napkin, instead of the table-cloth. "I beg your pardon," said the young hopeful; "but I thought it was a pity to make a clean napkin in a mess when there was such a dirty cloth on the table."

ALL the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High are doors outward—out of self, out of smallness, and out of wrong.

# Our Young Folks.

## CRICKET IN ELFLAND.

BY J. A. M.

IT was a large gander, and it seemed to be a fierce gander, for it hissed loudly when Felix waved a switch before it, and pointed his finger at it crying, "Bohoo, bohoo, you goosey gander."

It was not very polite, and the gander seemed to grow more and more angry, and yet it would not leave Felix. At length Felix still pointing at the gander, said—

"Goosey, goosey gander,
Whither shall we wander,
Up the hill, or through the vale,
Or in the pinewoods yonder."

And to his great surprise the gander drew in his head, and replied promptly—

"Pinewoods."

And a goose in the distance cried out—

"Make haste then."

Felix dropped the switch, put his hands in his pockets, and stared at both the birds.

"Come," said the gander, spreading out his wings, "get on my back, and

Away we'll sail
Down the river to the vale,
Away to the pinewoods, away, away."

Splash, splash, such a spluttering in the water, and Felix, holding on by the gander's neck, shivered as the water touched him, for it was very cold; which much surprised him, as the day was hot, and the sun was shining.

How large the gander had grown! he had seemed a large gander before, but now he seemed quite to overtop us. And the river grew wider, and the trees appeared to reach the sky, and the flags and bulrushes were like young palm trees, and the flowers shot up to a great size. There was one clump of lilies-of-the-valley taller than Felix, and quite overshadowing a girl in a large cap with a blue ribbon in it, who seemed to be gathering some flowers growing in the water.

As Felix approached the bank the lily bells swayed to and fro with a melodious sound as if bells of the purest silver were ringing.

"Welcoming us to Elfland," observed the gander.

"Isn't it the Pinewood?" asked Felix.

"It's all the same," answered the gander.

"Who is the little girl? She is coming to speak to us."

"Little girl, indeed," returned the gander contemptuously, "it's the Pine Queen; she has been asking you to come for weeks, but you took no notice of her. She sent messages by the swallows, and the blackbirds, and the butterflies, and the grasshopper, but you did not heed them."

"I never heard them," said Felix, somewhat bewildered.

"Of course not; boys never do; they are always thinking of toys and games, and tarts and plum-cake, and the birds and butterflies speak to them in vain."

"I don't understand," said Felix.

"Of course not, but now," said the gander, suddenly rising in the water and flapping his wings; "having done my duty in bringing you here, I leave you to take care of yourself."

So saying he tossed Felix off his back to the bank, at the feet of the Pine Queen.

As Felix looked at the Pine Queen he noticed that she was dressed in silk and satin, and that her cap had turned into a crown of diamonds, and that she had diamond buckles on her shoes, and that she seemed very glittering and dazzling altogether.

She looked at Felix, and then said—

"Two little maidens winding wool all day,
If you want to see them, please to walk this way."

"I don't care about seeing them," said Felix, who thought this a very odd way of beginning a conversation; nevertheless he followed the Pine Queen along the path through the trees.

It was very pleasant, the great straight pines with their tufted branches, and the sun sending slanting rays of gold through them; whilst the wild strawberries shone like heaps of rubies at his feet. Wonderful birds and butterflies were darting hither and thither amongst the loveliest flowers. And on a grassy nook not far from a waterfall he perceived some white marble steps on which two little girls sat. The one was holding a great skein of wool, and the other was winding it. There was a great heap of wool of all colors on the ground.

We wind, we wind till we've wound enough
Of wool a hundred balls to stuff,"

sang the little maidens.

"What for?" asked Felix.

"For cricket-balls we work away,
With which pine-cricket players play."

sang the maidens.

"But cricket-balls should be hard," said Felix.

"Not in Elfland," answered the Pine Queen, smiling; "it's a different game altogether; we hit 'soft' instead of 'hard,' and our bats are brushes, and we make no scores."

"It must be a queer game," said Felix.

"We think it is a much better game than yours," answered the Queen, "as we are never wasted and there are no wickets, and no one ever is thought out."

"How funny!" exclaimed Felix "I should not care to play at such a game."

The Queen made no answer, and they walked on until they met a girl with a pail of water, who curtseyed respectfully.

"She's going to wash the cricket-ground," explained the Pine Queen.

"Oh!" said Felix, which was all that he could say, for the fact was everything seemed so very strange to him.

"Scour the ground, mop it, and dry it with care,
Sprinkle it over with Eau-de-Cologne;
Roses in flower-pots put round here and there,
And the roses must all be full-blown."

The eyes of Felix grew rounder and rounder, as the Pine Queen gave these directions, and he rubbed them to be quite certain that he was awake.

"We roll and mow the grass," the bat whispered.

"We scour, and mop, and dry, and polish," murmured the Queen.

"We play with bats," Felix went on.

"We play with brushes," continued the Queen; "and here is one of our players in full costume."

Felix glanced round, but he only saw a boy who looked like a street sweeper, with a hand-brush in one hand and a broom in the other. He had on a sailor's hat, and he touched the brim of it with the broom-handle, as a salutation to the Queen.

"Queer, queerer, queerest!" thought Felix.

"Are you a good brusher?" asked the boy, suddenly; "can you brush the balls well?"

Felix stared at him.

"Oh!" said the boy; "I thought you would be sure to be a good cricketer."

"So I am," returned Felix; "I am a good batter. I've got a prize bat."

The boy burst out laughing, so did some magpies and squirrels. So did the steamlet that was running along so fast. Even the little fishes popped up their heads and laughed

"Haha! haha! hoho! hoho!"

There was such a noise that Felix had to ask several times before he got an answer.

"What are they laughing at?"

"At you," answered the boy.

"It's very rude of them," said Felix, taking up a stone to throw at the magpies, which were chattering.

"Don't, don't," said the stone. "I don't want to hurt any one."

Felix, in his surprise, dropped the stone, which fell to the ground, saying—

"Thank you! thank you!"

"Queer, queerer, queerest!" said Felix to himself. But the Pine Queen knew what he was saying, for she said—

"Wait until you have seen the practice."

Felix rubbed his eyes again, for though the sun was shining, there was certainly snow upon the ground, and the two little players, who stood with brush and ball in their hands, were clad in warm coats and gloves and winter boots, which Felix thought must prevent their running well. The girl had a scarlet feather in her hat, and the boy a long blue tassel hanging from his velvet cap. The girl was raising her brush to ward off the ball that the boy was about to throw.

"Isn't it pretty?" said the Pine Queen—

"Throw the ball, hit!
No danger, not a bit."

But Felix was thinking about "Scour, mop and dry it," as he looked at the snow-covered patch of land.

"Ah!" continued the Pine Queen, divining his thoughts, "snow is soft, so that if the players fall it does not hurt them. But there is no snow to be seen when the regular game begins."

And the Queen waved a rose that she held in her hand, and in a moment the scene was changed, and Felix saw before him a smooth piece of lawn that looked like shining velvet. The flower-pots with full-blown roses were there; so was the girl with the pail and the player with the long broom, looking quite hot, as if they had been at work for hours.

"A good morning's work," observed the Queen. "See how neat it is."

Felix grew more and more perplexed. How could they scour and sweep under the snow? And how did the flower-pots get there, and the players; for the ground was all covered with the pine-wood cricket-players, dressed in the gayest and airiest of costumes. Half had brushes, and half had balls. And the balls were flying here and there, and if the players hit them so that they rose in the air, they burst, and butterflies of the loveliest colors issued forth; whilst, if the balls fell to the ground, frogs innumerable hopped out of them, and making their way to the banks of the river, sat there singing in a most delightful manner.

Yet, sweet as it was, the music seemed to confuse him as much as the game, which grew every moment more and more intricate; the players, brandishing their brushes, flew around, and the balls flashed about, and at last all that Felix could see was a mass of dazzling rainbow colors whizzing past him.

All at once he heard a loud hissing, and he saw the large gander waddling up from the river; and beside him was the little girl with the large cap with the blue bow on it, and she held out her hand, saying—

"Good-bye, Felix. Come and see us again."

"That I will," replied Felix.

But he never did.

For from that day he never saw the gander again; nor could he ever find the way to the pine-forest, though he fancied he had remembered it quite well; nor did he ever see the game of brush cricket played again.

Sometimes he even doubted whether he had been to Pineland, and had seen the wonderful game.

"But yet," said he, "if I had not seen it, how should I know anything about the forest and the Pine Queen? and how should I know how brush-cricket is played?"

And how should he?

## IN VALENTINE LAND.

BY PIPKIN.

"OH, dear!" sighed Tim, as he stood gazing into a stationer's window on the evening of the 13th of February, "I know no one will send me a valentine to-night! But how pretty they are—all gold, and silver, and blue, and green! And *there* are true-lovers' knots of silk as bright as the sky in summer; and there, too, are hearts wreathed of forget-me-nots as blue as those that danced to and fro by the banks of the brook in our old home! Oh! why will not some one send me a valentine?"

On his way home his mind was still full of what he had seen, and when he reached the little room in a crowded city alley where he lived with his widowed mother, he sat in front of the fire and pictured valentines in the flames. "Heigh-ho!" he sighed, "I should like to know who makes them: I suppose it's the fairies: and I should like to know what becomes of them all!"

"Oh! you would, would you?" came the answer, in a small, cracked voice. "Then come with me to Valentine Land and I'll show you."

Tim looked round in dismay, and there by his side stood a little figure, clad in all the colors of the rainbow, who nodded his head at him, smiling pleasantly.

"Who are you?" asked Tim, as soon as he had overcome his first feelings of fright and astonishment. "You don't look much like Cupid: perhaps you're Saint Valentine?"

"Not I," laughed the little man. "I'm just a Valentine fairy, sent here to show you what you wish. Come along!" And he held out his hand.

Tim felt constrained to clasp the outstretched hand, and then away he went, borne out of the room, he knew not how.

Tim shut his eyes, it seemed for only a second or two, but when he opened them he found himself in a fairy glen with a silvery brook prattling away in the middle of it. Hundreds of little fairies were flitting about here, there and everywhere, gathering flowers, and weaving them into wreaths and necklaces, and all the time they were singing gaily at their work—

"Twine, twine!
This is the feast of Saint Valentine!
These are the gifts that he loves best,
Flowers in all their glory dressed;
Better, far better, than gold from the mine,
Better than jewels that gleam and shine!
These are the gems of Saint Valentine!
Twine, twine!"

"So this is where the valentines are made!" said Tim.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the little man; "this is where *the* valentines are made, certainly—the only true valentine—but not where *your* rubbish of tinsel and paper is put together. You must go to a very different place to see that. Come along!"

Almost before the fairy guide had finished speaking, Tim found himself in the middle of a big room, where dozens of girls were busy gumming colored scraps, and satin, and ribbon, and artificial flowers on sheets of paper.

"This is *your* valentine factory," said the little man, in a tone of disgust. "Just look at the pale faces of those children, and at their pinched, hungry look. I only wish I could take them all away to our home under the forest trees. And do you call these tawdry things valentines? Pshaw!"

"Scraps of paper,
Scraps of satin,
Lace of paper,
Bows and satin
Pretty enough surely,
For Saint Valentine to see!"

When Tim's guide ceased singing, the scene had changed yet again, and Tim saw before him a happy groups of children, who had a number of valentines before them, which they were sorting out, and getting ready to send off by post.

"Here's a beauty," cried one little girl. "I shall send this to the poor crippled boy who lives in that cottage at the end of the lane."

"And this," cried a boy, "shall go to Elsie's brother Tim, who lives in London. Perhaps he won't get a valentine from any one else!"

Hearing this, Tim gave a sudden start, and—

Well, he found he had fallen off his chair, where he had gone to sleep. And he must have slept a long time too, for his mother had come in, and—could he believe his eyes?—there on the table was a letter for him, which the postman must have brought while he was dozing. Hurrah! it was a valentine, brighter and richer than any he had seen in the shops, and it had come before the 14th of February, too. That little fairy must have had something to do with it! By-the-bye, where was he?

Ah! where?

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WIND up your conduct, like your watch, once every day; examine minutely whether you are fast or slow.

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THOUSANDS of testimonials testify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

## UP FROM THE RANKS.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, then scarcely known beyond the old Convention and his own section of the army, was sent, in September, 1793 to wrest Toulon from the English and Spanish. Among the men under his command was young Andoche Junot, a Burgundian by birth, and who, though brought up to the law, had enlisted into the army as a volunteer.

During the siege that followed, Napoleon had occasion one day to send a dispatch to a distant point. He was in the saddle, and having halted before the company to which Junot belonged, and run his eyes along the line, he asked if there was one of them who could write.

Junot raised his cap and bowed, upon which he was called out and conducted to the right of the line, where the musicians were; and here a large drum was set on end, paper, pen, and ink furnished, and the youthful soldier directed to set to work.

He took the pen, dashed off the dispatch in a clear, round, handsome hand, and was just beginning to write the closing signature when a cannon-ball—a forty-two pound round shot—tore up the earth close to his left foot, covering him and the drum-head with a shower of dirt. Without so much as the quiver of a finger, or the slightest perceptible hesitation, the writer gave the paper a shake to throw off the gravel, and then finished the message, laughingly saying as he did so—

"That dirt is rather too coarse for blotting-sand, but it has done no damage."

He then folded the missive and directed it; after which he handed it up to his commander, who had been all the while narrowly watching him.

"Young man," said Napoleon, bluntly, "you are cool-headed and brave. What can I do for you?"

"I know of nothing, general, unless you can cause these worsted epaulettes to be taken from my shoulders and a pair of silver ones to be put on in their place."

"Very well," answered the commander, with a pleasant nod. "Of course you can ride?"

"Yes, general, anything that can be ridden by man, I think."

"Then find a horse and carry this message to its destination. My orderly will furnish you. Hear the message, and then report to me."

On the following day Junot was made a lieutenant, and promoted to a captain at the end of the month, having, on account of his daring courage, won the *soubriquet* of "The Tempest."

In the campaign of 1797 he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and in Egypt became a brigadier-general. He was subsequently appointed governor of Paris, then lieutenant-general, then marshal; and finally became Duke of Abrantes.

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THE KINGFISHER AND THE FISHES.—A kingfisher sat on the edge of a boat that a young man had prepared for a fishing expedition. A box of bait and bucket to hold the fish were on one of the benches, whilst a fishing-rod lay across the boat, and its long line had a float at the end of it.

"What a shame it is!" said the kingfisher, casting his eye upon the float. "Why should this man be taking fish from this part of the river, close by the spot where I have built my nest? And what a preparation he has made! Hooks, and all kinds of cruelty are known to him. I should be very sorry to be a man with such love for killing."

And the kingfisher shook her head gravely, and looked into the water.

"Yes," said he, "fish are moving towards that decoy. What a number of them! I may as well make a pounce myself. Since the man has put it there, why shouldn't I take advantage of it."

So saying he gently rose and spread out his wings as softly as he could, but the movement scared the watchful fishes, who swam rapidly away towards the river-bank, whither the kingfisher pursued them, perching on the bough of a tree and making a dart from it. He had almost succeeded in capturing one, but it escaped him. And then one old fish popping up her head for a minute said—

"People are very ready to condemn others for doing what they are constantly doing themselves. Here you are trying to catch us yourself, and yet professing to be very angry with those who are wishing to do the same."

Thus saying she disappeared, leaving the kingfisher to moralise upon her speech.

He pondered, observing—

"There is something in what the fish says, and yet there's a difference between me and the young gentleman to whom the boat belongs. I am getting food for my family, whilst he is only amusing himself with angling for the fishes. His sinning is sport, mine is necessity." G.

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WHILE crossing the Tyrone River, Arkansas, on a mule, the rider, a negro, fell off and was drowned. The mule came safely to shore, and was taken possession of by the local justice. The river was dragged, the negro's body found, and on it a pistol. He had been dead three days, but the squire fined him $50 and costs for carrying concealed weapons, and confiscated the mule and pistol to pay the same.

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AN experienced traveler says: "The most troublesome companion a person can have, while being away from home, is a cough, and I would advise everybody to procure a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup before starting."

### SCATTERED SEED.

I scattered some seeds one Winter morn—
  A simple handful on top of the snow;
My heart was light with a bit of song,
  And a quiet faith that the seed would grow.

The scoffers laughed, as scoffers will—
  Oh, their breath's more blighting than Nature's cold!
They said my sowing would come to naught—
  No harvest could spring from a frozen mold.

My hope was bright, for I knew beneath
  Its mantle of snow the earth was warm,
And a yielding soil could catch the germ
  Of a future flower and a fragrant form.

I waited long, for the season dragged:
  But courage and sunlight conquer all,
And an April blessing came at last,
  And showed me a flower from the rootlet small.

And, oh! the sweetness that filled its cup,
  And warm, soft tints of its petals rare!
More precious than any garden held
  Was this dear reward of loving care.

I find my lesson here: Some hearts
  Seem barren, and frozen, and covered with snow:
Drop a seed of love for the soil beneath—
  Some flower may blossom, and thrive, and grow.

### ODD DEFINITIONS.

A SMART, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. Wit itself has not inaptly been called "a pleasant surprise over truth;" and wisdom, often its near ally, is, in the opinion of a clever writer, "nothing more than educated cunning." "Habits are what we learn and can't forget," says the same author, who also defines silence as "the very best compliment that can be paid to truth." "Show him an egg, and instantly the air is full of feathers," said a humorist, defining a sanguine man. "A moral chameleon" is a terse reckoning-up of a humbug. Man's whole life has been cynically summed up in the sentence, "Youth is a blunder; middle life, a struggle; and old age, a regret."

Whimsical definitions are sometimes quite as neat and telling as those of a smarter kind. Dr. Johnson confessed to a lady that it was pure ignorance that made him define "pastern, the knee of a horse;" but he could hardly make the same excuse for defining pension, "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent." A patriot, some writer tells us, is "one who lives *for* the promotion of his country's union, and dies *in* it;" and a hero, "he who, after warming his enemies, is toasted by his friends."

Of juvenile definitions, "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out," is scarcely so scientific as Palmerston's definition of dirt as "matter in the wrong place." A fan, we learn, is a thing to brush warm off with; and a monkey, "a small boy with a tail;" salt, "what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on:" wakefulness, "eyes all the time coming unbuttoned;" and, ice, "water that stayed out too late in the cold and went to sleep."

A schoolboy, asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out: "It means when a feller don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself." Another defined a comma as a period with a long tail. A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of responsibility, so he said: "Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my pants, and one came off, all the responsibility would rest on the other button."

"Give the definition of admittance," said a teacher to the head-boy. This went from the head to the foot of the class, all being unable to tell the meaning of it until it reached a little boy who had seen the circus bills posted about the village, and who exclaimed: "Admittance means fifty cents, and children half price."

"What is a junction, nurse?" asked a seven-year-old fairy the other day on a railway platform.

"A junction, my dear?" answered the nurse, with the air of a very superior person, indeed, "why, it's a place where two roads separate."

To hit off a jury as "a body of men organized to find out which side has the smartest lawyer," is to satirize many of our intelligent fellow-countrymen. The word suspicion is, in the opinion of a jealous husband, "a feeling that compels you to try to find out something which you don't wish to know." A good definition of a Pharisee is "a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights;" of a humbug, "one who agrees with everybody;" and of a tyrant, "the other version of somebody's hero." A certain lady's idea of a ballet-girl was, "an open muslin umbrella with two pink handles;" and a Parisian's of chess, "a humane substitute for hard labor." Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is "a quart of water boiled down to a pint to make it strong."

Of definitions of a bachelor—"an unalter-ed man, a singular being, and a target for a miss," are apt enough. A walking-stick may be described as "the old man's strength and the young man's weakness;" and an umbrella as a fair and foul weather friend who has had many ups and downs in the world. A watch may be called a second-hand affair; spectacles, second-sight or friendly glasses; and a wig as the top of the poll, picked locks, and poached hare. And any one who is troubled with an empty pocket-book may be comforted with the reflection that no trial could be lighter.

"Custom is the law of fools," and "politeness is half-sister to charity"—the last a better definition than that which spitefully defines society as a place where manners pass for too much, and morals for too little. Fashion has been cleverly dubbed as an arbitrary disease which leads all geese to follow in single file the one goose that sets the style. An idea of the amusement of dancing is not badly conveyed by the phrases, embodied melody and the poetry of motion.

The "Complete Angler" as a definition of a flirt is particularly happy. Beauty has been called a short lived tyranny, a silent cheat, and a delightful prejudice; while modesty has been declared the delicate shadow that virtue casts. Love has been likened to sugar in a woman's teacup, and man the spoon that stirs it up; and a true-lover's-knot may not inaptly be termed a dear little tie. Kisses have variously been defined as harmony in red, a declaration of love by deed of mouth, and lip-service.

Matrimony was defined by a little girl at the head of a confirmation class in Ireland, as a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world.

"Being," said the examining priest, "the answer for purgatory."

"Put her down!" said the curate, much ashamed of his pupil—"put her down to the foot of the class!"

"Leave her alone," quoth the priest; "the lass may be right, after all. What do you or I know about it?"

## Grains of Gold.

To live simply is a great art.

Egotism is an alphabet with one letter.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

When we strike mud we get smeared over.

They who live in a worry, invite death to hurry.

If you'd know a man's character, follow him home.

He has the greatest blind side who thinks he has none.

Good nature is a great misfortune if it want prudence.

He hath a good judgment that relieth not wholly on his own.

In order to judge of another's feelings, remember your own.

Commonplace minds usually condemn what is beyond their understanding.

Time once past never returns; the moment which is once lost is lost forever.

What we charitably forgive will be recompensed as well as what we charitably give.

To an honest mind, the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

We gladden our eyes with the beauty of flowers; yet in one short morning they die and pass away.

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be subdued by strict discipline.

Genius is subject to the same laws as those which regulate the production of cotton and molasses.

As reasonably expect oaks from a mushroom-bed as great and durable profits from small and hasty efforts.

That man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

Unless a variety of opinions are laid before us, we have no opportunity of selection; the purity of gold cannot be ascertained by a single specimen.

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit; and it is doubtful if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.

## Femininities.

To a young girl during the ice cream season there is no such expression known as "No, thank you!"

A poet sings, "I miss you, my darling, my darling; the embers burn low on the hearth." Yes, it's an awful thing not to have a wife to attend to the fire.

O'Connell said of a certain lady, when she went to Dublin as lady-lieutenant, that she had all the qualities of the kitchen-poker without its occasional warmth.

A married couple separated twenty years ago in Saratoga county, N. Y., and who had since been living separately, were re-united recently through the death of their only child—a daughter.

In one of the leading New York hotels a card with the following wording has been placed over the piano in the drawing-room: "Inexperienced performers are requested to deny themselves the use of this instrument."

A peculiarity of a Logan county, Ky., woman, says an exchange, is that she sleeps two or three days and nights without waking, after which she remains awake for a like period. She is 80 years old, and bed-ridden.

"Ah, George, did you propose to Vivian?" "No—she made the proposal before I had a chance to say anything." "she did? What did she say?" "She proposed that I leave the house immediately, and I accepted."

The subject had fallen on wedding tours. One said, "I'd go to Switzerland." "I'd go to Italy," said another. "For my part," said Mlle. Tara, "I shouldn't mind where I went—as long as there were plenty of tunnels."

There comes a time in every little girl's life when she is seized with a longing to cook. And there comes a time in every big girl's life when she is seized with a longing to hire somebody else to cook. It comes after she gets married.

A servant girl, a year over, was given macaroni by her mistress to prepare for the table. Noticing her surprise, the lady said, "Didn't you cook macaroni at your last place?" "Cook it? We used them things to light the gas with!"

"Are you going to the party this evening, Maud?" "No, I guess not; I'm afraid that horrid Smith girl will be there." "Oh, no, she won't; she said she wasn't going." "Why not?" "Because she was afraid you would be there."

"Ain't you almost boiled?" inquired a little girl of a gentleman visiting her father and mother. "No, little one, I can't say that I am. Why do you ask, Daisy?" "Oh, because I heard mamma say your wife always kept you in hot water!"

Mother—"Why do you wear your silk stockings and new shoes on such a muddy day as this, dear?" Daughter—"For economical reasons, mamma." Mother—"Economical reasons?" Daughter—"Yes, they will save my skirts from dragging."

An elopement at Glanmorganshire, Wales, in which the principals were a wife of thirty-two summers, who eloped with her father-in-law, aged eighty years, has recently furnished the papers of the United Kingdom matter for some interesting paragraphs.

"You did not dare to speak to me in that manner before I married you, sir!" she exclaimed, indignantly. "No, nor you didn't dare come cavorting around me in curl papers and rag-carpet slippers before I married you, ma'am!" he retorted. Then she cried.

"Your age?" asked the judge. "Thirty-five, your Honor," replied the woman. Judge—"But you were thirty-five the last time you were here, three years ago." She—"And does your Honor think I'm the woman to say one thing one day and another thing another?"

Boston lady (referring to a well-known authoress)—"Yes, I am an ardent admirer of Mrs. B.'s stories. *The cacoethes scribendi* came upon her at a very early age." Cincinnati lady (shocked)—"Is it possible! I wonder she could have written anything with such a dreadful affliction."

Said a Camden mother to her daughter, who had just achieved the dignity of having a beau of her own: "And what sort of a young man is he, Jennie? Does he treat you to ice cream and candies?" "No, he doesn't," replied the girl, with a gurgle, "but he gives me lots of taffy."

"Some people," said Mrs. Sharpnale, "measure love by gold. I measure it by its quality." "I measure it by quantity," said meek little Mr. Sharpnale, in feeble tones. "I measure by the peck." "By the peck! What do you mean by that?" "By the hen-peck!" he murmured, in hoarse tones.

"George, dear," said a sweet young wife to her husband, "I've had a talk with the servants this morning, and have agreed to raise their wages. They said everything was so dear now—rent was high, and meat and butter had risen to such a price—in fact, everything. I thought this was reasonable, because I've so often heard you complain of the very same thing."

Another girl, full of needles whose presence cannot be accounted for, has been heard from, this time in Manor township, near Pittsburg, where her father is a dairyman. A couple of months ago, the account states, she was seized with pricking sensations, and within a week a physician has removed 34 needles from various parts of her body, with others still to come out.

One of the most curious cases on record is that of a man in Memphis who can't live without noise. Silence nearly desecrates him. His wants at one time was rather expensive, as he was constantly traveling on steamboats, going into sawmills, visiting boiler-shops, and the like. But his friends will be pleased to hear that he is on the point of getting married, and will, in all likelihood, stay at home from this time on.

A doctor who ought to know says that the practice of the wholesale use of smelling salts, which came in with the universal fashion of carrying smelling-bottles, is sure to have its influence on the olfactory nerves sooner or later, and render the victim unable to distinguish cologne from asafœtida. More than all that, it causes headaches, sore throats, and red noses. The last argument will have its weight. The smelling-bottle must go.

## News Notes.

A boy with a false face frightened a child to death, recently, in Rye, England.

Fifty-eight million dollars is the estimated value of the finger-rings of this country actually worn.

An owl, which measured four feet eight inches from tip to tip, was killed in Concord, N. H., recently.

A man was lately refused admission to a skating rink at Stamford, Conn., because he didn't wear a collar.

Of one well known steam yacht it is said that it costs her owner about $200 for every mile he travels in her.

The Turkish Sultan celebrated his thousandth wedding, recently, or else is the victim of a widely-circulated slander.

During the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y., as many as 650 people have been simultaneously under pay there.

The United States Government recently spent $1,000 at Bozeman, Mon., to convict a man for stealing $2 worth of postage stamps.

A bear charged on a funeral procession near Ashland, this State, recently, causing the pall-bearers to drop the corpse and run.

A Bridgeton, N. J., storekeeper has introduced a rather novel way of drumming up customers, by treating callers to a cup of coffee.

The Arabs have a saying, "Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity."

Liverpool lawyers are becoming alarmed at the extent to which clients are pleading their own causes, and the success they are meeting with.

Nevada, which has two Senators and only one Representative in Congress, has a population less than any one of the several wards of this city.

An actress, whose debut at Patterson, N. J., recently, attracted some attention, ascribes her composure and absence of stage fright to prayer.

A Troy priest visits the barber shops of that city and induces young men who are waiting their turn in the chair to sign a temperance pledge.

A physician of Andersonville, Ga., boasts of having a watch 213 years old and a clock something over 180 years old, both running and keeping good time.

Crude petroleum is now used in the Brooklyn Fire Department engines, and the cost is said to be less than one-fifth that of coal. And there are no sparks.

A man near Gainesville, Ga., is said to have made a profit of a little over $200 from one hundred common hens the past year, but in what way is not stated.

A sentence containing every letter in the English alphabet, and a favorite, therefore, with writing teachers is: "A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

A supposed infernal machine was diagnosed with great care by detectives in San Francisco, lately, and cautiously incised, when it was found to be a box of blacking.

A letter was received at the Washington postoffice the other day, addressed: "Hon Mister Cleveland, in the White House at Washington. Please examine quick."

A New York policeman, who went to Guatemala to reorganize the police department, is now, next to President Barrios, the most influential man in that country.

Edison, the inventor, is said to have been so commonly mistaken for a clergyman, that he now wears his hat jauntily on one side, and smokes a big cigar when on the street.

It pays Western farmers to shell their corn and sell the cobs separately. The demand for corn-cob pipes has raised the price of hitherto worthless cobs to $24 a wagon load.

Bricks are now made of cork refuse. They are used in building owing to their lightness and insulating properties, and as a covering for boilers to prevent the radiation of heat.

In parts of France it is not an uncommon occurrence for entire wedding outfits, including the bridal toilettes, to be hired, many dress making a specialty of letting out such articles.

The Italian Legislature has before it a bill which proposes to grant divorce to those who have been separated for more than five years. This is already the law in Scotland and Sweden.

As a preventive of cold feet, a piece of newspaper folded in the sole is quite equal to, if not so elegant or so expensive as cork or lambskin soles, being, light, soft, and easily renewed.

Whether a goose or turkey can properly be classified as "a domestic animal" is a conundrum over which lawyers spent six hours of eloquence and logic in a South Carolina court, recently.

A man was knocked down and one of his legs run over by a cab in New York the other night, but he quickly relieved the anxiety of the bystanders by explaining that the fractured leg was a wooden one.

Many Southern Railway Companies have this year placed their old cross-ties at the disposal of the mayors of towns along the lines of their roads, to be distributed to deserving poor people for firewood.

The *Daily Evening Argus*, of Crawfordsville, Ind., printed a recent issue on wall paper, which, on account of the blockades of the Chicago trains for some time, was the only available paper to be had.

The pronunciation of Indian "Injun," and an indulgence in billiard playing are among the serious charges upon which the inhabitants of an Idaho town want the Principal of Public Schools dismissed.

At the last meeting of the New York Homœopathic Society one of the speakers stated that he had cured a lady of nervous diseases by having her practice on roller skates a few hours a day for three months.

# In the Holidays.

BY JAMES R. MEARS.

"BLACK your boots, sir?"

A sweet and clear voice thus attracted my ear, as I, Walter Wetmore, barrister-at-law, idled along the street during the holidays.

I had no sooner caught the melancholy sweetness of the cry, than I turned my eyes upon the little implorer, and resolved upon having his "black" in the only wish to learn something of his unfortunate history.

He was of delicate frame, of stature tall for one so young, of mild blue eyes, most interesting features, and with an address which tacitly betrayed respectable birth and exalted feelings.

"My little fellow," said I, "you look sickly and ill-fitted for so bootless a work. What's your name, and where do you live?"

"My name, sir, is Rupert Lindsay, and I live at Number thirty-three, —— Street," was the simple reply; and it was spoken with a sweetness rarely becoming his appearance.

I questioned him also about his parentage and circumstances, when I noticed that tears were falling from his large and beautiful eyes.

"Well, Rupert," I said, in a light and careless tone, "this is certainly a new way you have of moistening blacking—with your tears. What's the matter, boy?"

But instead of an answer, tears flowed faster and thicker, until they had spotted the polish he had worked so lustily to apply.

At length he stopped, and looking up into my face, said—

"I wish, sir, you could find time to visit my mother to-morrow, in the morning. She is very ill, sir; please come."

And then he strove away at his task, but his excessive weeping prevented its accomplishment to his satisfaction; when I spoke—

"That will do, Rupert. Those tear-blemishes make my boots shine all the brighter to me."

And away I hastened, for—for—well, no matter.

The next morning found me threading my way through a district long known for its unthrift and squalor.

After some difficulty, I discovered the street and number to which I had been directed by my newly-made acquaintance.

Ascending a noisome staircase, I came to a door designated as the quarters of Mrs. Lindsay.

Upon knocking, I was ushered into the presence of an elderly lady, with high cap and 'kerchief, and spectacles that could not conceal the gentle expression of her eyes—eyes above which the brow had not frequently frowned. Her face, though wan and worn, retained the traces of early beauty, and a courteous and attentive ease of deportment too fully betokened respectable birth. Like the old horse-hair sofa on which she was half-reclining, her earthly day and glory had departed.

The comparative cleanliness and arrangement of the scanty furniture in the room gave evidence of an orderly and refined taste which I wondered that so infirm an old lady could display, when, by Jove!—excuse the mythological epithet—a young maiden of no common clay stood before me, offering to relieve me of my hat and umbrella. The most striking resemblance to the little shoeblack of the day before convinced me that she was his sister. But how strong a semblance! She was very beautiful.

After chatting about sundry things, the good old lady favored me with a sort of epitome of her past life.

She had been early accustomed to good society; had been discarded and disowned by an arrogant father and incensed friends on account of an impolitic marriage alliance. The object of her idolatrous love and sacrifice had been removed from her earthly sight, soon after marriage, by reason of excessive literary labor and disappointments, leaving two children, who since which time, were mainly dependent on her for subsistance.

"I have grimly fought against penury," she added, "until I am now unable to do so longer, for——"

And here the stricken one bent her head and wept bitterly.

"Have no fears or concern about the welfare of your children," I subjoined apprehending the rest of the observation. "While I live I will assume the guardianship of Rupert, and——"

I hesitated, and would have included her adorable Ethel (as she was named) within the same responsibility, but dared not, so unwarranted had been my presumption already.

"I observe, with no small delight, your manifest concern for my child," at length she continued, checking her tears; "but, Mr. Wetmore, it is my duty to declare to you that, whereas, at the death of my husband I had two children, I am now with but one blessing,"—pointing to the sweet-faced Ethel, who was engaging herself in the preparation of some decoction for the benefit of the speaker.

"Then my little friend of yesterday, who was so kind as to direct me to your presence, is not your son?" I interrogated.

With one hand supporting her head, and with the other still pointing to her daughter, she whispered, "Yonder is my Rupert!"

"Your statement is very mysterious, Mrs. Lindsay," I exclaimed, with unbounded astonishment. "Be pleased to explain; I hope my solicitation does not merge into an unconscionable assumption."

"Most willingly, my dear sir, will I dispel the mystery which you so reasonably discover. On Friday of last week I was prevented from doing my accustomed needlework, and which, I need not tell you, was essentially necessary for our support. The symptoms of a disease of the heart, which have for many months predicted my death, on that day seemed to attack me with increased threatenings and vigor. During the five days of my last illness there was, perhaps, greater danger of my death from starvation than from any other cause. My Ethel then"—and her voice trembled—"had been the week before dismissed from the milliner's shop where she worked, on account of the failure of the proprietress. So there was no bread for us to eat! Well, sir, to tell you without words—for I am very weak—my darling daughter borrowed the garments and utensils of a shoeblack who had lately died and been resident in the house, from the use of which, in two days, her delicate hands had earned nearly two dollars. Happily, a friend was found in you. You know the rest. Though it was seemingly an unmaidenly act——"

"A most noble act, rather!" I interrupted. "Really, it quite transcends anything I have ever heard or seen of like character!" I added, to myself.

And we talked—all three of us—until the shadows, like little elfs, began to climb up over the small casement into the room, when I took my leave of the gentle Ethel and her mother. Early on the day following, of course, I visited the shelter of the loved one; but that hard old tyrant, who touches the blood into ice, had paid an earlier visit. The mother was dead!

Well, to tie up my thoughts and experiences into a comely knot, Ethel became my ward—and afterwards my wife.

That clear, sad, heart-piercing cry, "Black your boots, sir?" brought me a friend whom Heaven has ordained to accompany me, Walter Wetmore, down the dusty highway of the years into the great hereafter.

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A FEW SAMPLE NAMES.—A Florida paper says: We know a little black girl whose name sounds like this: Harriet Ann Cassia Ann Betsy Baldwin Hanover Ann Berkley. Another is called Mary Martha Magdalane Paulina Ann Paulida Green. Still another is Arkansas Tennessee Louisiana Red River Thompson. And some years ago there was an old Indian squaw in Dade county who rejoiced in the name of Lily-walk-in-the-water-same-shape-all-the-way-down-foot-just-like-a-board. These are all names that were or have been in actual use, except that we despair of giving the sound of Seminole gutturals by means of English letters, and, therefore, translate the squaw's name.

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### A Deeply Interesting Narrative.

The name of Rev. John H. Chandler is an honored one in the literature and labor of the Baptist Church; especially in connection with his forty years' devotion to missionary work in Burmah and Siam, a work in which his accomplished wife shared during the whole of this long period. For most of this time his residence was at Bangkok, in Siam, the capital of the kingdom. Here he rendered himself valuable to the king and his court, as translator of important documents. In 1859 he was appointed U. S. Consul at Bangkok. He was also tutor to the present king of Siam.

One of the almost inevitable results of missionary labor is the breaking down of health, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Chandler escaped. In 1872 their condition became so serious that they returned to this country for medical treatment. They went back to Siam in 1872, intending to stay for six years, but both soon grew worse, and had to come to the United States at the end of three. What Mr. Chandler's condition was at the time is given in his own words, as related to a gentleman who called upon him recently at his home, in Camden, New Jersey:

"I was a complete wreck. My lung weakness was so great that for months at a time I could not write or read. The nerves of my stomach were totally demoralized. My food would not digest. I had to lay aside all my teaching and literary labor. I was unable to do either physical or mental work. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart and with an obstinate catarrh of ten years' standing; altogether I was a very sick man. While thus suffering, the Rev. Dr. MacFarland, a Presbyterian missionary, at Bangkok, called my attention to Compound Oxygen. He had tried it for indigestion and general debility and had found it very beneficial.

"While I was on my way home I found myself in a very critical condition. I almost gave up hope. On reaching Philadelphia I consulted Drs. Starkey & Palen. I soon began the use of Compound Oxygen. It acted like a charm. Very soon I felt signs of returning strength. In the matter of diabetes the relief was particularly noticeable. Improvement went on gradually but surely. I became so that I could eat with regularity and really enjoy my food. In time my old symptoms of wretchedness and weariness passed away and I was myself again.

"You may judge of my health and strength when I tell you that I was with the Siamese embassy in New York and Washington a few months ago traveling with them and going about as freely and energetically as any of them. Compound Oxygen had so recruited my system that the unusual exercise of travel had no unpleasant effect upon me, nor was I in any respect the worse for my journey."

For full information as to this wonderful Treatment, address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.


## THE THUNDER-SPIRIT.

HERNO, the great Thunder-Spirit, according to a tradition of the Seneca Indians, had his lodge behind the sheet of water which pours down at the Falls of Niagara. For a very long time he had dwelt there, astonishing the Indians with his stunning peals.

A young and beautiful maiden, residing at the Seneca village, just above the Falls, had been contracted in marriage, by her father, to an old man of disagreeable manners and hideous person. She at once resolved to seek death, rather than drag out the life of misery which such a union must bring about; and, with this object in view, she launched forth from the village in a bark canoe, and swept down the rapids of Niagara, singing her own death-song, until she took the awful leap.

But death was not yet ready for her. Herno, the Thunder-Spirit, happened to be wide awake; and, when he saw her coming down among the foaming waters, he coolly caught her in his blanket, and conveyed her to his home behind the Falls.

Of course the maiden had romance enough about her to be grateful for all this, more especially when she found she was entirely beyond the reach of the monster her "cruel pa-ri-ent" had selected to comfort her though life. She fell upon the neck of the Thunderer, and wept sweet tears. The tears softened his stern heart, and led him to smooth back, if not to toy with, her golden tresses. In short, to hurry through a long story, they got to billing and cooing—they fell in love—they made the interesting affair known to each other, and the wronged, though beautiful, maiden, became the wife of Herno, the Thunder-Spirit; and, as a matter of course, she was very happy.

About this time the Senecas of the village above the Falls were visited with a pestilence which swept them off by hundreds; and while some prayed to the Great Spirit for help, others gathered around the cataract, and sent in their petitions to Herno. The tale of their sufferings moved the Thunderer, and he sent the maiden forth to tell her people that a monstrous serpent was dwelling beneath their village, just below the surface of the ground; that it was depending upon their dead bodies for food, and that it came forth at the end of every moon and poisoned the waters, in order that they might die and be buried within its reach.

As soon as the Indians learned this they pulled up and moved to another locality; consequently, when the great serpent poisoned the waters as usual, the earth brought him no food. This was an affair so strange that he crawled forth to see what it meant, when, to his surprise, he discovered that the village was deserted.

With many curses on the head of the Thunderer, as the author of his misfortune, the serpent took the trail of the retreating Indians, and started away in hot pursuit.

The maiden still loved her people; and when she saw the serpent moving on to effect their further destruction, she appealed to her husband to arrest him. Herno was not deaf to her entreaties; and so he stepped forth from his hiding-place and launched a hissing-bolt after the reptile, which struck him just as he was endeavoring to cross the narrows some distance above the Falls.

The wound produced was a fatal one, and the great monster floated down the stream and lodged upon the verge of the cataract, stretching nearly from shore to shore. The swift waters were dammed up by the obstruction; but they finally broke through the rocks behind, and thus the whole top of the Falls upon which the snake rested was precipitated with it into the abyss below, excepting a small portion, which is now known as Goat Island.

It almost entirely ruined the home of the Thunderer, for it reduced the great space behind the waters to a very narrow compass. He still occupies it as a sleeping apartment, however, and you may now hear him snoring under there, if you stand on the shore; but if he would exercise himself in his favorite pastime of throwing thunderbolts, he is forced to come into space less limited.

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BUTTERINE.—The makers of butterine in this country use all the way from sixty to eighty-five parts of neutral lard to forty and fifteen parts of good butter, respectively, in making butterine. These are thoroughly mixed, salted, and colored a golden yellow, and the tubs are branded with fancy names as from country creameries. It is said an infallible test is to melt the butterine and then suddenly chill it by surrounding it with cracked ice, when the lard goes to the bottom and the butter to the top, the line of separation being plainly visible.

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A GENTLEMAN traveling on horseback, not long ago, came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot for, Pat?" said he; "a herd of cows would starve to death on that land." "And shure, your honor, wasn't I fincing it to keep the poor bastes out iv it?"

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### Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 199 Dean Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the receipt free of charge.


## THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crumpled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung up high and dry
Betwixt those posts so fast.
And now I've grown so powerful weak—
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging round my way
Most every other other night.
He hung upon my starboard side,
And she upon the other,
Till Susan Smith became his bride,
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom breathed in a single word—
The baby was a girl!
And, as she grew, and grew, and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate,
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was a gate.

Then in due time a lover came,
Betokening my ruin—
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
The grown-up baby wooin'!
They swung upon me in the gloam,
And talked of moon and star—
They're married now, and live at home
Along with ma and pa.

My lot was happy for a year—
No courting night or day;
I had no thought, I had no fear
Bad luck would come my way.
But, oh, this morning—save the mark—
There came a wild surprise;
A shadow flitted, grim and dark,
Across my sunny skies!

A doctor, with a knowing smile,
A nurse, with face serene,
A bustle in the house the while—
Great Scott, what can it mean?
My hinges ache, my lock is weak,
My pickets are awhirl;
I hear that awful doctor speak—
It is another girl!

—U. N. NONE.

# Humorous.

A cat eating cream is the lap of luxury.

The fitting of a dress is a mere matter of form.

Dirt carts are now called real estate conveyances.

He called his dog Penny, because it was one sent to him.

What yesterday was, and what to-morrow will be? To-day.

A tea kettle is a great singer, if it does sing through its nose.

Why is a potato a great anomaly? You must take off its jacket to dress it.

"What is the best covering for the head?" demands a Western journal. Hair isn't bad.

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### Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style.

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value, that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtue of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

### Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed?"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

### A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

### Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a branch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

# New Publications.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have in press and will issue in a few days, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' new society novel, entitled "The Reigning Belle," which will be found to be one of the most powerful, original and exiting novels ever published. Every page teems with intense, absorbing interest which is maintained without a break.

"How Success is Won," by Mrs Sarah K. Bolton. With Portraits. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price $1.00. This handsome volume is made up of biographies of twelve men who have achieved distinguished successes in the various directions in which they turned their respective energies. Mrs. Bolton not only rehearses the main incidents of their lives, but shows that in every case the success and honors attained were the result of industry, economy and high moral principle. Among those selected to illustrate how success may be won under different circumstances are Peter Cooper, John B. Gough, John G. Whittier, Henry M. Stanley and Alexander H. Stephens. The several sketches are bright and pointed, and the portraits which illustrate them add to their value.

MAGAZINES.

The March number of the *Magazine of American History* is filled with choice reading. It opens with a graphic account of The Fairfaxes of Yorkshire and Virginia, from the pen of Rev. Richard Wheatley, D. D., admirably illustrated with portraits and homes. Charles I, sitting before his judges is made the frontispiece to the number. The second article, entitled Personal Recollections of General Nathaniel Lyon, by the eminent scholar and writer, Dr. William A. Hammond, will command a wide circle of interested readers. Following this comes The Adventure of Monsieur De Belle Isle, a true chapter in the annals of Louisiana, more curious than fiction, by Charles Finultry; An Old Masonic Charter, by Oscar J. Harvey—a sketch of quaint and permanent interest; About Richard Bellingham—the old Massachusetts Governor who in 1641 persisted in performing his own marriage ceremony—by E. H. Goss, and the Story of Astoria, by P. Kook, are delightfully informing contributions. Minor Topics contains several short articles of consequence. Original Documents include some important and humorous unpublished letters. Col. Norton's interesting dictionary of Political Americanisms is continued; and Notes, Queries, Replies, Societies and Book Notices, are replete with good things. Price $5.00 a year in advance. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York City.

*Cassell's Family Magazine* for March is as fresh and strong as the March winds. The serial stories and short stories are always admirable. The two serials now running, A Diamond in the Rough, by Alice O'Hanlon, and Sweet Christabel, by Arabella M. Hopkinson are eagerly waited for from month to month. The prize story, A Lost Opportunity, illustrating the evil of vacillation, proves itself worthy the honor paid it. Besides the fiction we are told What to do in Court, by a barrister, and Walter Squires, in an illustrated paper on Life at an American College, gives a good description of the venerable Yale. Remunerative employments for ladies are suggested, and a very practical article on Making Home Beautiful, with numerous simple designs for the purpose is given. The reader with a scientific turn of mind will find much to interest him in an illustrated paper on The Rumors of the Sun, by C. Ray Woods, and those who are fond of travels will enjoy The Inland Suburb of Foochow. In, Our Autograph Books, the hero worshipper will find much entertainment. The family doctor writes on Emotional Nervousness. The Departments are filled with excellent matter. Poetry and music also enliven the number. Cassell & Company, Limited New York, $1.50 a Year.

*St. Nicholas* for March opens with a frontispiece picture of the Inauguration of President Garfield, to illustrate the instalment of Among the Law-makers. Lieut. Schwatka begins a series of papers entitled The Children of the Cold, describing child-life among the Eskimo. The entertaining Davy and the Goblin and their believing voyage in this number. E. P. Roe gives another chapter of Driven Back to Eden, and there are three chapters of Mr. Trowbridge's popular serial, His One Fault—both characteristically illustrated. Among the shorter stories are a charming tale by Mrs. Julia Schayer, called Liesel, telling of a little German girl who was befriended by the famous and benevolent Prince Poniatowski; and a clever story by Sophie Swett with the title, How Santa Claus Found the Poor-house; and there are other stories, sketches, and poems by Louise Stockton, Celia Thaxter, Malcolm Douglas, M. C. Griffis, and others. The Century Co., New York.

**Important.**

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If en route to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to this Depot FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

# Facetiæ.

A small leak may sink a great ship, and a raw onion break up a court-ship.

Writing poetry is like putting up stoves. Everybody knows how until they try.

What is that which every one can divide, and no one can see where it is divided? Water.

Appropriate hymn for an evening meeting of colored people: "Shades of evening darkly gather."

What is that which a gentleman has not, and never can have, but may give it to a lady? A husband.

The latest thing in floral pillows for the departed is not, "Rest," but "W. S. Y. L."—"Will see you later."

A man never realizes how little his word is worth till he receives a black eye and attempts to explain the cause of it.

A scientific man has discovered that blue stockings contain poison. People cannot be too careful about what they eat now-a-days.

No matter how bad and destructive a boy may be, he never becomes so degraded or loses his self-respect so greatly as to throw mud on a circus poster.

An Irishman, on applying for relief to one of the public charities, being told to work for his living, replied, "If I'd all the work in the world to do, I couldn't do it."

Mistress—"Mary, you have left the door open again. Were you brought up in a saw-mill?" Maid—"None—I has allers lived with families as can afford door-springs."

Papa—"Yes, Harry, it is supposed the moon is inhabited, and is largely populated." Harry—"Mustn't the people be terribly crowded, 'specially when it's half-moon."

An Indian princess has eloped from a Cincinnati dime museum with a St. Louis lawyer. There's no use trying to civilize these savages: their tastes are too depraved.

An indiscreet man confided a secret to another, and begged him not to repeat it. "It's all right," was the reply, "you need not be alarmed; I will be as close as you were."

The wife of a milkman was reported in the newspapers as appearing at a recent ball in a handsome milk-white silk. The reports do not say that it was a watered silk, but we presume it was.

"Look here! This piece of meat doesn't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said a man to a German butcher. "Mein frein', all dot beef vat I sells is back of dot neck. Dere vos nodding but horns in front."

A hatter sees one of his debtors pass him by in the street without any recognition of his existence, and straightway becomes as mad as—as a hatter. "Curse the fellow," he said; "he might, when I bowed to him, have at least the decency to lift my hat."

"I think I'll get out, and stretch my legs a little," said the tall man, as the train stopped at a station. "Oh, don't!" said a passenger who had been sitting opposite to him, and who had been much embarrassed by the legs of his tall companion—"don't do that; they are too long already."

A young man went on one occasion to call at a country farmhouse to make inquiries after his sweetheart, who had charge of the dairy. An old man opened the door, and the lover asked him, timidly: "How is the milkmaid?" But the farmer only angrily replied, as he slammed the door in the stranger's face, "Our milk isn't made—it's got from the cow!"

"You say the officer arrested you while you were quietly attending to your own business?" said a New York judge to the prisoner before him. "Yes, your honor. He caught me suddenly by the coat-collar and threatened to strike me with his club unless I accompanied him to the station-house." "You were quietly attending to your own business, making no noise or disturbance of any kind?" "None whatever, sir." "It seems very strange. What is your business?" "I'm a burglar."

A stupid-looking recruit halted before a blacksmith's forge, the boss of which was forging a shoe, and eyed the performance with much interest. The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the man's curiosity, held the red-hot iron suddenly under his nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat. "If you give me a dollar I will lick it," said the soldier. The smith took from his pocket a dollar, and held it out. The cunning son of Mars took the coin, licked it, and walked away whistling "The girl I left behind me."

**Superfluous Hair.**

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, Townsend Harbor, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

Humphreys' Homeopathic
**Specific No. 28**
In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for
**Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness,**
and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address, **Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.**

BIRCH'S KEY WILL WIND ANY WATCH. AND NOT WEAR OUT
**SOLD** by watchmakers. By mail 25c. Circulars free. J. S. BIRCH & Co., 28 Dey St., N. Y.

**Free** TRIAL. Book for NERVOUS, Catalogue and Sample Treatment, Free. Medical Free. Electric Belt and Appliances on 12 days' trial. Pamphlet free. Address VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

156 New Scrap Pictures and Tennyson's Poems mailed for 10c. Capital Card Co., Hartford, Ct.

# A Safeguard.

The fatal rapidity with which slight **Colds** and **Coughs** frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—

"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."

The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—

"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious **bronchial and pulmonary affections.**"

**AYER'S**
**Cherry Pectoral**

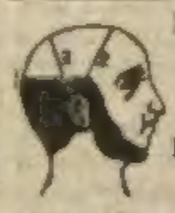
Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic **Bronchitis, Laryngitis,** and even acute **Pneumonia,** and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of **Pulmonary Consumption.** It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of **Croup** and **Whooping Cough.**

These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.

**Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**
PREPARED BY
**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**
Sold by all druggists.



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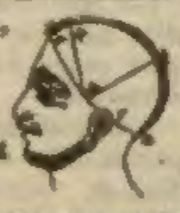

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

90 WHITE ROSE PERFUMED CHROMO CARDS, (new) assort'd Scrap Pictures and Transparent Cards, name on, 10c. Acme Card Co., Ivoryton, Conn.

**FREE LADY'S WORKBOX.**

The HOME GUEST was enlarged Feb. 1st, to 50 pages profusely illustrated. It is edited by J. Alexander Patten, has stories by Rose Terry Cooke, Kate Upson Clark and many others, and Marion Harland author of "Eve's Daughters," in the Ladies' Dept., contributes a series of papers on "Housekeeping and Home Making," each month. To secure 50,000 new subscribers at once, we offer it 3 months for 30 cents, and send each person subscribing, by mail, post-paid, 1 Elegant Lady's Workbox with their name in gold on the cover. Each box contains 1 Silver-plated Thimble, 1 package of Fancy Work Needles, 6 Elegant Fruit Napkins, 1 package Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 1 package Silk Blocks for Patchwork, 2 Easter Cards, 2 New Year Cards, 1 Lovely Birthday Card, and 1 Copy of Ladies' Fancy Work Guide, containing illustrations and descriptions of all the latest designs in fancy work. Stamps taken. Money refunded if not double satisfactory. Address, THE R. L. SPENCER CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

*We heartily endorse the R. L. Spencer Co. to each and every one.*—Ed. Sunday *Globe*, Hartford, Conn.

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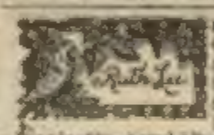
**PILLS OF TANSY** are Perfectly Safe and always Effectual. Sealed particulars 2 cts. Wilcox Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



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# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION CHAT.

THE extensive use that is made of embroidery, and of all imaginable varieties of braid, is a sure sign that these ornaments will bring with them more simple and severe styles of dress, and straighter lines; the draperies, puffs, bouillonnes, and all the many ways of employing a great deal of material in the production of costumes that show very little traces of imagination, will soon be modes of the past, for they are utterly unsuited for these fashionable garnitures. Braids, laminated with gold, silver, and steel, are made in widths of two, four, and six inches; many have two different metals interwoven, others have raised patterns in chenille or frise silk, and bands of ostrich feathers, more costly than the woven braids, but also far more beautiful in their soft pearly tints, are used as ornaments for dresses, mantles, and chapeaux.

Lace of every description is used; long shawls are draped as straight tunics, half squares as pointed tabliers, and deep lace flounces are put on very full, and draped like a valance at intervals of twenty inches apart.

The great question of tournures can no more be settled in a single sentence than can that of costumes; no one type is paramount, but all are worn on different occasions. There are small tournures, jupon tournures, and pouf tournures, each one of which has its separate use and purpose, for which alone it is adapted. The long tournure is the most convenient for ordinary wear, as the upper part forms a pouf tournure of ordinary dimensions. Exaggerated tournures are neither stylish nor fashionable, but unfortunately the mode lends itself, almost more than any other, to exaggeration and abuse. Tournures are made of all materials, satin, kid, cotton, woollen and silken fabrics: net or muslin tournures are worn with evening toilettes made of light materials.

Following out the taste for all kinds of bead-work this season is a new idea in silk dress goods. A heavy satin-faced silk has the stamped figures outlined with either white or gold beads. For evening wear these beaded silks will be combined with plain gros grain. The beading is not confined to white goods, but is used on satins and velvets of all colors, the blacks being especially rich in effect when embroidered with gold beads.

Another new fabric for evening dress is satin with figures wrought in gold and silver threads. The delicate colors used for the foundations are only enhanced in beauty by the frosty glistening silver or the soft bright gold woven into its surface.

Cut and uncut velvet figures on velours or satin ground, and plush upon plush, raised figures of wavy plush on a plush ground, are new inventions and carry into beautiful effect Persian and Oriental designs while the color is rich and glowing beyond description.

For dinner dresses a black velvet ground, studded in regular pattern with tiny red silk diamonds or roses of natural colors. This fancy also extends to silks and woods of different shades, and will be a very agreeable variation from the large and heavy pattern so much used.

The richest evening dresses will combine plain and brocaded velvets, the latter being patterns of cut and uncut velvet on velours satin, gros grain or silk ground. The brocade shows the distinguishing color sometimes in the heavy figure and sometimes in the groundwork of the goods, while the velvet will either contrast with it or show the same color in a lighter shade, or else, if the contrast between the figure and groundwork of the brocade is sufficiently marked, it will match the prevailing color of the costume. To illustrate this are two evening dresses, one of peacock-blue velvet and ecru brocade, and the other terra cotta velvet and brocade. In the latter dress the contrasts rest in aptly using the shades of terra cotta. The brocade figures are woven in cut and uncut velvet, this being used for the front of the skirt, on either side of which are panels of satin of the lighter shade, covered with a chenille net and metal beads. The train is round and box-plaited. The waist, which is without sleeves, is of the brocade, cut low in the neck and trimmed with chenille.

A very handsome dress is a combination of dark olive-green velvet with a peculiar brocaded satin. This satin is a changeable blue and white ground, with one broad stripe composed of conventionalized roses set fixedly upon four leaves, giving the effect of a beautiful hand embroidery.

The court train, made of breadths of the olive-green velvet, has on each side a stripe of the brocade gathered at the waist with an immense rosette. The side is prettily arranged of velvet revers and Mechlin lace. There are two basques to this costume—one of plain velvet, cut high in the neck; the other of velvet with vest cut square and middle of the back made of the brocade.

A more striking evening dress may be made of white brocaded velvet, plush or of satin merveilleux combined with large patterns of flowers, woven in natural colors upon a satin ground of any delicate shade. Two very handsome visiting costumes are trimmed with fur. One is a beautiful garnet satin and gray brocade on a garnet ground. The skirt—made plain of the brocade with a narrow plaiting at the extreme bottom—is draped tastefully with the satin. The basque, entirely of the brocade, is trimmed with chenille. The train and wrap, are richly garnished with silver-fox fur.

The other combines plain olive-green velvet with velvet brocaded in tinsel and bright colors. The basque to this suit is completed with old-fashioned shoulder-straps reaching to the waist. The sleeves quite tight above the elbow, are loose below. The wrap is the new style of a short carriage dolman, and with the costume is exquisitely trimmed with feather ends.

A very effective street costume is made up of myrtle-green cashmere and the new plush upon plush. The skirt is circled with three flounces of the plush, these being cut at the edge in the shape of the pattern, the nap of the goods increasing in length towards the bottom of the figure.

The Esperand, an imported walking-suit, is made of cresson-green velvet frieze. The overdress is made basque front, with bouffant drapery and princess back. The front opens over folds of velvet and a vest of oriental lace. The skirt, in satin of the same shade of green is striped with ribbon velvet and has a long drapery of the satin plaited in one of the hips to a suitable fulness.

Another handsome walking-suit is of myrtle-green ladies' cloth over a skirt of old-gold plush. The plush is box-plaited and is brought out at each side between the back and hip drapery. This graceful arrangement not only outlines the drapery to advantage but brightens the upper part of the costume with singular effect.

For rich street dresses gros de cross, a new silk, half way between an Ottoman and a gros grain, combines with brocades very effectively.

The tendency now is toward plain skirts, particularly with the fashion authorities in France. Our American ladies rarely adopt these ideas as they are offered, but tone them down to suit individual tastes and requirements.

## Fireside Chat.

### ABOUT MAKING BASKETS.

THERE are really few more acceptable and generally useful household articles than baskets. Moreover, with a little skill and taste, an inexpensive article may be converted into a valuable one. At the present moment, in almost every drawing-room there is a standing basket with two shelves. They are generally of a brown tone, lined with dark red silk, and embroidered velvet; the tone of embroidery subdued. This is bordered with fringe, and pendant woolen balls hang from it. The edges of these baskets are roughly worked over, as well as the handles, with two-colored wools. It would seem to be no longer the fashion to furnish such baskets with pockets for thread, etc. They always have strong, substantial legs. Occasionally they are oval, instead of oblong, and I have seen such a one with a vandyked bordering of velvet round the lower portion worked in raised embroidery and edged with tufted fringe, while on the lid a thick-pointed twine knotting had been laid round, the points coming towards the centre and edged with colored wool. Sometimes they are made in black bamboo, and occasionally the lower tray has a pocket, which, by-the-bye, makes a capital receptacle for wools.

The cheap red and white willow baskets sold in nests of four or six may be lined and trimmed, the willow so completely hidden that they look quite a costly gift. The linings are laid in tiny plaits all round, and outside strips or vandykes of embroidered cloth or velvet with a ruche top and bottom. A well-chosen piece of chintz, the pattern touched up here and there with silks, make a good trimming; the more cashmerienne the pattern the better.

A new cup basket is very high and narrow, with long handles. The sides are made entirely with silk pulled on to elastic, and it opens by the front portion stretching out sufficiently to admit the cup.

The shape known as a baby's basket is capital and useful for holding a great deal of work. It should have pockets at either end, and have a cover over it. Full draperies of velvet or plush, caught up on each side with woolen fringe and cord, is always an easy and most effective mode of trimming almost any style of large basket, and the long, narrow ones, with lids made in dark greens and browns, have the foundation almost hidden by the dark embroidered velvet laid flat on the lid and round outside. Another nice way of trimming is in diagonal bands of material caught down at regular intervals with large woollen pompons; brown and yellow, claret and blue, brown and olive are happy mixtures. Quite a new idea is a basket in the shape of a Chinese pagoda, with red pompons; it is intended to stand on the floor beside the chair.

Baskets interplaited with fine and coarse strands are new, and these are nearly all lined with a color set in plaids; light blue and brown is a happy combination in these. A soft basket formed with many sides, like a cup cube, is new; each side is covered with a different kind of velvet, worked in contrasting silks with a pendant belt from each; it is capacious inside. Some sateen cloth does as well as anything to line it. The cottage loaf-shaped baskets with lids in which so many sweetmeats are sold, require but little trimming; a worked strip across the lid and some fringe round suffice, but they hold the paraphernalia of work well. For writing tables, the square, shallow, coarse-plaited baskets in which fishmongers carry fish, when varnished, hold paper of large size well, and pens, paper knives, &c. The newest waste paper baskets have a plaiting of green willow intermixed with the straw. They are trimmed with a large gathered piece of velvet, edged with cashmerienne patterned cotton outlined in gold: they are lined with about the same tone as the outside of the basket.

Plush is a very favorite trimming: the whole art of decorating baskets is to choose effective and artistic coloring. The Etruscan shape is a favorite one for waste paper, with straw handles at each side. For a present to a gentleman, such a basket, with his monogram or arms worked on velvet or plush, would be acceptable. Wood baskets, with merely the base, two sides, and a handle, the sides covered with cloth embroidered all over and tasselled, only hold a short supply by the side of the fire. Large, high, square baskets for the hall, to hold a good store, are much more to the purpose. Long tassels, in a bright color, are all the ornamentation I see applied to them. Many of the strong, serviceable Portuguese and German baskets serve the same purpose. Some of the Italian grape baskets, narrow at the base and widening at the top, are very suitable for hanging against the wall. I note the baskets are lined with satin and tufted with buttons, just a border of embroidery on the outside. The chiffonier shape is quite the prettiest. At the top, over the quilting, there is generally the same trimming as on the outside of the basket. Many gold wire baskets are employed for the same purpose, and others, wired and made in paper, plaited, and varnished brown, require colored fringe and ribbon, and then look far better than they are. Envelope-shaped baskets, for holding letters, are placed over many writing tables.

Zulu hats, with a band of wire for handle lined with velvet, the brim turned downwards, are inexpensive and pretty, but not new, and not really so much to be admired as the Suisse baskets made in braided straw, lined with something bright, and in form like a hat. These are used to hold flower-pots, and very well they look; indeed, these cheap straw hats may be turned to this purpose with just a bright-colored silk half handkerchief tied round them. The high hats now worn serve the purpose best, with the brim cut off.

BEADWORK—A SUGGESTION.—It sounds dull and unartistic. A vision rises before me of antiquated-looking slippers or tea-pot stand, with a groundwork of bottle-green wool, and crimson-purple, and even blue roses, gracelessly arranged upon it in beads, with little regard to color, and none to nature! But why should it be so? Why should not those pretty little colored glass beads be worked into something which will give the idea of flowers in mosaic. With a little trouble (no, a good deal of trouble, I will allow) it has occured to me that a pretty and durable work might be produced. If my ideas were carried out it would have much the appearance, as I said before, of mosaic. But mind, I would allow no "Philistine" colors, keep to dull greens, browns, terra-cottas, etc., for the backgrounds, and colors, true to nature, as nearly as possible, for the flowers, and ferns. Did I say *as nearly as possible*. No, I will not give you even that loop-hole. If you cannot make flowers *like* flowers, do not attempt to represent or misrepresent them at all. Confine yourself rather to conventional patterns, which, by the way, would produce a good effect by way of change in our beadwork.

A few hints as to "how to begin" may be useful and having begun, I think many will find the work too interesting to leave off in the middle. Suppose we commence with a piano back. We shall find that the canvas being perforated will be no drawback as far as sound is concerned. The first thing to be done is to buy a piece of very fine canvas (like that used for woolwork). It should be two inches larger both ways than the space you want to fill. Consider what design would best suit the shape of the piano, and the room for which it is intended. If you are not an artist find someone who will paint a spray or group of flowers for you—roughly it may be, but clearly, so as to give you a fair idea of the form and colours. Choose your own flower, as you will then feel more drawn towards working them than if you simply "took what was given you." Then get the beads *shaded to the colors drawn*, and be guided by them exactly in sowing them on.

# Correspondence.

Y. S.—The landlord can distrain and sell the tenant's furniture on the premises, for rent, as soon as he is in arrear.

D. T. R.—Get some mutual friend to give you an introduction to the object of your adoration. This is the proper way to make her acquaintance.

T. B.—To prevent patent leather from cracking, always warm the leather before inserting the foot in the shoe. Heat renders patent leather soft and pliable.

L. M. S.—Consult a physician, as the trouble is doubtless caused by a disordered stomach, although it may be an attack of erysipelas. In either case medical advice should be sought.

F. P. W.—Wait for a year or two before engaging yourself to the young lady. Being of such a tender age, it would be rather foolish to enter into a contract which you might regret in a few years.

SHEL.—We cannot understand your question; you ask for "a recipe for making an oleograph or copying pad," and refer to "the mixture ready made" as "running very dear." If you will explain yourself we will endeavor to help you.

HELP.—Knitting-machines are expensive and we do not think you could earn the sum you mention, even if you could obtain constant work. It is impossible to say what work you could do at home, as we do not know your capabilities. Watch the advertisements in the daily papers.

J. H.—To render the parts blue, apply nitric acid and let it eat into the iron. The latter will be covered with a thin film of oxide. Then clean, oil and burnish. 2. Simply heat the piece by holding it over burning charcoal. There are other methods given in various books which can be had cheap.

S. U.—1. The origin of "pa" and "ma" is easily accounted for. They are among the earliest sounds uttered by children, and so come to be associated with the objects nearest to children—their fathers and mothers. "Papa" and "mamma" are simply reduplications of those sounds. 2. Young people certainly require more sleep than old.

DRAWBACK.—You will be sorry to learn that, so far as we know, no cure has yet been discovered for snoring. The fact is that the complaint is one which causes no discomfort to the patient, who, indeed, often appears to irritated auditors to enjoy it, and so the malady has not come into the domain of pathology. As it would be useless for you to give your husband a curtain lecture on the subject, you must submit to the discomfort with the best grace you can command.

B. F. H.—Charlotte Corday, a Norman-French woman, went alone from Caen to Paris, and, after three attempts, succeeded in reaching Marat, whom she thought at the head of the tyrannous practices over Normandy and whom on this visit she found in a bath tub, covered with towels, as he was suffering from a horrible disease. She stabbed him with a common eating knife in the left breast. Marat died immediately, and Charlotte was captured, and, after a perfunctory trial, was guillotined.

POST.—General Gordon took no forces with him to Egypt. He relied on his knowledge of the natives and upon their loyalty to him. He had previously commanded for Ismail Pasha in the Soudan. The war in the Soudan is necessary, and must be pushed by some other nation should England fail or withdraw. It is war, first, for the protection of the people of the towns and villages against the nomads of the desert; second, to stem the rising tide of Mussulman fanaticism, which threatens to overwhelm all prospects of introducing civilization and suppressing the slave trade; and, third, to protect the interests of Europeans generally and keep the country open to trade. The delay in relieving Gordon, the slaughters at Berber, Shendy and other places, and the neglect to relieve the brave garrison of Kassala, are blots on England's escutcheon.

ADDIE.—We can see no cause or just impediment why you should not wear a memorial ring for your late husband on one hand and an engagement ring on the other. It does not seem to us in the least inconsistent or "heterodox." In marrying again, or proposing to marry again, you are casting no slight whatever on the memory of your late husband. If anything at all were inconsistent, it would be the marriage, not the ring, which is its mere symbol. On the other hand, it would indeed appear neglectful and cold-hearted to discard the mourning ring altogether in favor of the new one. As long as people see no harm in re-marriage, they ought certainly to see no harm or inconsistency in wearing two rings. Many people accept second marriages in a half-hearted kind of way. You should not do this; you should accept the situation frankly or not at all. There are some few husbands who selfishly throw obstacles by will or otherwise in the way of their widows re-marrying; but we feel sure the most good and affectionate men would wish their wives to meet with the support and sympathy of some suitable person after their own death. That is surely no reason why they themselves should be wholly forgotten.

CAPITAL.—A correspondent who has not adopted a pen-name, is going to take sides with the "Noes" in a debate on the question, "Are we justified in executing a person on circumstantial evidence only?" and, wishing to be beforehand with his antagonists, he wants us to state the most powerful objections they are likely to urge. In our opinion he has undertaken a hard task. Those who support the other side will say that we might as well abolish capital punishment altogether as to limit its infliction to the comparatively small number of cases in which the murderer is caught red-handed. It is easy, they will say, to understand the position of one who objects to capital punishment altogether; but to admit that the extreme penalty of the law is legitimate, and then to impose a condition which virtually neutralizes it, is inconceivably absurd. If this principle is to be accepted, a man who is caught within a stone's throw of his victim, whose hands are reeking with blood, who has in his pocket the murdered man's watch and purse, and whose blood-stained knife, bearing his name, is found close by, is to escape punishment because no third person was there to see the crime committed. Circumstantial evidence, it will be urged, may (as in the case of the Deering murder) be quite as strong as the most unimpeachable testimony of eye-witnesses. It is little to the purpose to say that persons hanged on circumstantial evidence have afterwards been proved innocent, for there have been similar miscarriages of justice resulting from the perjury of malicious or interested persons posing as eye-witnesses.